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McGUFFEY'S NEW THIRD ECLECTIC READER.

WILSON, HINKLE & CO.
CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.

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ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

[M]cGUFFEY'S
NEW
THIRD ECLECTIC READER:

FOR YOUNG LEARNERS.

By WM. H. McGUFFEY, LL. D.

WILSON, HINKLE & CO.,

137 WALNUT STREET, CINCINNATI.

28 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

c. 1865

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE widely-extended approval and patronage bestowed upon the ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES for several years past, have given to them a constantly increasing demand. Their sale is *not equaled* by that of any other School Books in the United States.

Such approval renders it the *duty* and PRIVILEGE of the Publishers to sustain and increase their usefulness, by such improvements as are demanded by educational progress. With this view,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC READERS

Have been entirely remodeled. Such lessons as discriminating practical teachers had found the least interesting, have been removed, and others, with large additions—especially of primary matter—have been introduced into the Series.

A careful attention to progression, by which the learner is led forward, step by step, along an easy gradation; a pure moral and religious sentiment, inculcated in interesting and instructive lessons; a neat typography and handsome style of publication, render them the best class-books for reading in the English language, and, at their very low prices, the cheapest.

☞ To secure accuracy in those who order books, these volumes, six in number, are entitled

McGUFFEY'S NEW ECLECTIC READERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by W. B. SMITH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by
SARGENT, WILSON & HINKLE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.

ELECTROTYPED AT THE FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY.

PREFACE.

THERE has been, hitherto, in the opinion of Educators, in all reading books for schools, a deficiency of *primary* matter. Such deficiency, it is believed, is supplied in the remodeled Eclectic Readers, by the introduction in this THIRD book and the succeeding volume of the Series, of a large number of new and easy lessons of a very interesting and instructive character.

A proper PROGRESSION is carefully preserved, and, in consequence of the increase of primary matter, this will be found so *gradual* that there can be no difficulty in passing from one lesson to another.

ARTICULATION is taught by copious and numerous exercises, both introductory and in the body of the book. It must be borne in mind, that the earlier this subject is taken up, and the more closely it is attended to, the greater the probability of securing a good articulation.

The SPELLING LESSONS have been carefully prepared. They contain words found in the reading lessons with which they are connected. The more difficult words are often repeated, as this is the only method of learning any thing thoroughly.

An introductory lesson explaining such MARKS and PAUSES as are used in the volume, and a lesson on *emphasis*, are new and valuable features, and will afford important aid to the learner.

The READING LESSONS are derived from the purest fountains of juvenile literature. In order to adapt them to the use here made of them, they have been materially remodeled, and, in many cases, entirely re-written.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Lessons in Verse are indicated by *.

LESSON.		PAGE.
	ARTICULATION . . .	8
	Marks and Pauses . .	11
1.	The Bee and the Child*	13
2.	The Truant . . .	14
3.	The Young Teacher .	17
4.	Haste Thee, School-boy*	21
5.	The Little Letter-writer	22
6.	Let it Rain	25
7.	The Wind*	27
8.	A Walk in the Garden	29
9.	The Wolf	31
10.	Indolence	33
11.	Rover*	35
12.	Walter Grey	37
13.	The Birds Set Free .	41
14.	Little Charley* . . .	43
15.	The Birth-day Present	45
16.	Race for the Mitten* .	49
17.	The Cats and Monkey	51
18.	The Wind and the Sun	53
19.	Things to Remember .	55
20.	Remember*	58
21.	The New-year . . .	60
22.	Jack Frost*	63
23.	The Clock and Sun-dial	65
24.	Courage and Cowardice	67
25.	Cruel Boy Punished .	69
26.	The Caterpillar* . .	71
27.	The Echo	73
28.	The Tricky Boy . .	77
29.	Do n't Kill the Birds*	80
30.	Quarrelsome Cocks . .	82
31.	Frank	85
32.	Mary Dow* . . .	89
33.	George's Feast . . .	92
34.	Pleasing Stories . .	95
35.	The Guide-post* . .	98
36.	Mary and her Father .	101
37.	The Seven Sticks . .	105
38.	Who made the Stars?*	107
39.	The Turtle	109
40.	The Honest Man . .	112
41.	The Indian	114

LESSON.		PAGE.
42.	Speak Gently* . . .	116
43.	The First Drink . . .	118
44.	Childhood*	121
45.	The Alarm-watch . .	122
46.	Get Up*	124
47.	The Brother and Sister	126
48.	Creation of the World	129
49.	The Daisy*	131
50.	The Violet*	133
	Lesson on Emphasis .	134
51.	Honesty Rewarded . .	136
52.	All for the Best . .	139
53.	Spring*	142
54.	True Courage . . .	144
55.	When to say No . . .	148
56.	The Child's Prayer* .	150
57.	The Lord's Prayer* .	151
58.	The Sluggard . . .	152
59.	Let us Praise God . .	155
60.	Evening*	157
61.	The Choice	158
62.	Mr. James and the Coachman	160
63.	All Must Work* . .	165
64.	The Last Two Apples .	167
65.	The Contented Man .	173
66.	The Spring Walk* . .	176
67.	The Insolent Boy . .	179
68.	The Two White Doves .	183
69.	We are Seven* . . .	189
70.	Story of the Coat . .	193
71.	Story of the Buttons .	197
72.	The Village Green* .	201
73.	Grateful Julian . .	203
74.	The Squirrel* . . .	207
75.	Industry and Indolence	209
76.	Too Late for School* .	213
77.	Industry a Treasure .	215
78.	Wasp and Bee* . . .	217
79.	The Peaches	218
80.	The Contented Boy . .	221
81.	The Little Lord and the Farmer*	225
82.	Dress	228
83.	Young Soldiers* . .	230
84.	George and the Hatchet	233
85.	The Island Bird . . .	237
86.	The Snow-bird's Song*	240

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

THESE EXERCISES consist of a review of the sounds which have been practiced upon in the last half of the New Second Reader. See pages 90 to 159 of that work.

EXERCISE 1.

1 a.	ate,	fate,	mate.	1 i.	bite,	mite,	kite.
2 a.	at,	fat,	mat.	2 i.	bit,	mit,	kit.
3 a.	bar,	far,	car.	3 i.	sir,	fir,	firm.
1 e.	me,	be,	he.	1 o.	go,	no,	lo.
2 e.	met,	bet,	let.	2 o.	got,	not,	lot.
3 e.	her,	err,	jerk.	3 o.	nor,	for,	morn.

EXERCISE 2.

1 u.	cube,	tube,	tune.	b.	babe,	bib,	bob.
2 u.	cub,	tub,	tun.	d.	did,	dad,	dud.
3 u.	burn,	turn,	burr.	f.	fife,	if,	off.
oi.	boy,	toil,	join.	g.	gag,	gig,	gog.
ou.	loud,	thou,	cow.	h.	ho,	he,	how.
ou.	now,	bow,	how.	j.	jade,	cage,	large.

EXERCISE 3.

k.	kite,	corn,	quit.	r.	rob,	roar,	rare.
l.	late,	lame,	pill.	s.	sat,	sale,	mice.
m.	mum,	mat,	mad.	t.	tat,	tote,	tut.
n.	no,	nun,	nine.	v.	van,	love,	dive.
p.	pip,	pipe,	pope.	w.	win,	won,	wide.

EXERCISE 4.

Y.	you,	yes,	yon.	Th.	thin,	thick,	hath.
Z.	zag,	size,	wise.	Th.	both,	ruth,	birth.
Sh.	she,	shall,	ship.	Th.	the,	thou,	that.
Sh.	shot,	shell,	shed.	Th.	this,	then,	there.
Zh.	zha,	zhe,	zhi.	Ng.	hang,	bang,	rang.
Zh.	zho,	zhu,	zhou.	Ng.	king,	ring,	sing.

EXERCISE 5.

Bl.	bled,	blend,	blade.	Dr.	drab,	drink,	dry.
Bl.	blot,	blind,	cable.	Dr.	drum,	drawn,	drop.
Br.	bred,	brim,	bride.	Bw.	bwa,	bwe,	bwi.
Br.	bran,	brine,	brow.	Bw.	bwo,	bwu,	bwoi.
Dl.	ladle,	bridle,	sidle.	Dw.	dwell,	dwarf,	dwelt.
Dl.	idle,	needle,	codle.	Dw.	dwale,	dwoy,	dwou.

EXERCISE 6.

Bs.	robs,	rubs,	dubs.	Ds.	bids,	buds,	gads.
Bs.	dabs,	fibs,	sobs.	Ds.	ads,	sheds,	rids.
Bst.	robst,	rubst,	dubst.	Dst.	bidst,	budst	gadst.
Bst.	dabst,	fibst,	sobst.	Dst.	adst,	shedst,	ridst.
Bd.	robd,	rubd,	dubd.	Fl.	fly,	flee,	flow.
Bd.	dabd,	fibd,	sobd.	Fl.	flog,	fled,	flab.

EXERCISE 7.

Fr.	free,	from,	fry.	Fw.	fwo,	fwu,	fwoi.
Fr.	fro,	fret,	frill.	Gl.	glad,	glib,	glee.
Fw.	fwa,	fwe,	fwi.	Gl.	glide,	glum,	glut.

Gr.	grow,	grew,	grown.	Fs.	tifs,	hufs,	blufs.
Gr.	gray,	greet,	grot.	Fst.	pufst,	rufst,	dofst.
Fs.	pufs,	rufs,	dofs.	Fst.	tifst,	pufst,	blufst.

To the Teacher.—A distinct articulation can only be gained by constant and careful practice of the elementary sounds.

Whenever a word is imperfectly enunciated, the teacher should call attention to the elementary *sounds* composing the spoken word. The pupil and class should be drilled to an *exact*, *clear*, and *distinct* enunciation of each element heard in the word. Thus a correct and true enunciation will become habitual.

Always preface each reading lesson with a drill upon the elementary sounds. The following may serve as a

Model for Class Drill.

1. Class pronounce the word. (Suppose it *knife*.)
2. How many letters has the word? *Ans.* 5.
3. How many sounds has it? *Ans.* 3.
4. What letters are silent? *Ans.* *k* and *e*.
5. Give the sound of each letter.
6. Pronounce the word distinctly.

Analyze according to the *Model* the following words.

pine	frill	lamb	ea'gle	e-nough'
play	give	right	mu'sic	squir'rel
seem	join	praise	slow'ly	shoul'der
think	most	blown	win'try	watch'ing
much	round	thorns	quick'ly	neigh'bors

INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

☞ This Lesson should be thoroughly studied by the pupil, in order that he may become perfectly familiar with the marks and pauses, found in the reading lessons of this volume.

MARKS AND PAUSES.

1. A Hyphen (-) is used between syllables; as,

No-ble, col-o-ny,

and between the parts of a compound word; as,

Paper-mill, water-fall.

2. A comma (,) denotes the shortest pause; as,

John, come to me.

3. A Semicolon (;) denotes a pause a little longer than a comma; as,

God is good; for he gives us all things.

4. A Colon (:) denotes a pause a little longer than a semicolon; as,

Be wise to-day: 't is madness to defer.

5. A period (.) denotes a full stop; as,

God is love. Life is short.

6. An Interrogation point (?) denotes a question; as,

Has he come? Who are you?

7. An Exclamation point (!) denotes strong feeling; as,

Oh Absalom! my son! my son!

8. Quotation marks (" ") denote the words of another; as,

God said, "Let there be light."

9. An Apostrophe (') denotes that a letter or letters are left out; as,

O'er, for over; 'tis, for it is;
Bless'd, for blessed; do n't, for do not.

NOTE.—The apostrophe is also used in the possessive case; as, "The man's hat." The teacher should explain this.

TO TEACHERS.—Thorough instruction in reading requires time and patience, and can only be conveyed by repeated practice on the same lesson. It is often said that the matter of a reading-book, by frequent study, becomes tiresome to both teacher and pupil; but this is *not* the case, when reading is *properly* taught. The lessons are not to be read merely for amusement—as a tale in a newspaper—but they are intended to be closely *studied* and patiently practiced as an *exercise* in READING, ARTICULATION, PUNCTUATION, EMPHASIS, SPELLING, etc.

The study will, therefore, be pursued with increased benefit, by frequent repetition, and the *oftener* an instructor has taught a given lesson, the *better is he qualified* to teach it. The teacher who devotes himself to the attainment of these objects, will be amply repaid for his own efforts, by the rapid progress of the learner.

NEW THIRD READER.

LESSON I.

learn	rich'ly	cull'ing	har'vest
cause	win'try	en-gage'	live'long
youth	sum'mer	leav'ing	bright'est

THE BEE AND THE CHILD.

1. "PRETTY bee, pray tell me why, thus from flower to flower you fly, culling sweets the livelong day, never leaving off to play?"

2. "Little child, I 'll tell you why, thus from flower to flower I fly. Let the cause thy thoughts engage, from thy youth to riper age.

3. "Summer flowers will soon be o'er. Winter comes, they bloom no more. Finest days will soon be past. Brightest suns will set at last.

4. "Little child, now learn of me. Let thy youth the seed-time be. And, when wintry age shall come, richly bear thy harvest home."

ARTICULATION.

THE EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION are a continuation of those in the New Second Reader. They should be *carefully* and *thoroughly* practiced, until a distinct and perfect articulation is secured. The *sounds* alone, and not the *names* of the letters, should be uttered.

Lt.	ält,	ělt,	ĭlt,	ŏlt,	ŭlt,	oilt,	oult.
Lts.	ält*s*,	ělt*s*,	ĭlt*s*,	ŏlt*s*,	ŭlt*s*,	oilts,	oults.
mělt,	mělt*s*,	tĭlt,	tĭlt*s*,	bělt,	bělt*s*,	pělt,	pělts.

LESSON II.

hire	o-bey′	con′duct	in-stead′
school	guilt′y	man′age	wa′ter-y
known	tru′ant	reach′*ed*	reg′u-lar
clothes	mon′ey	run′ning	ig′no-rant
thrown	les′sons	mind′ing	strug′gl*ed*
i′dle	play′ing	drown′*ed*	strug′gling

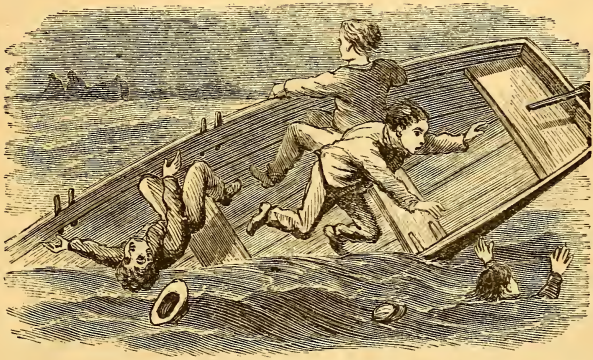
THE TRUANT.

1. JAMES BROWN was ten years old, when his parents sent him to school. It was not far from his home, and therefore they sent him by himself.

2. But, instead of going to school, he was in the habit of playing truant. He would go into the fields, or spend his time with idle boys.

3. But this was not all. When he went home, he would tell his mother that he had been to school, and had said his lessons very well.

4. One fine morning, his mother told James to make haste home from school; for she wished, after he had come back, to take him to his aunt's.



5. But, instead of minding her, he went off to the water, where there were some boats. There he met a plenty of idle boys.

6. Some of these boys found that James had money, which his aunt had given him. He was led by them to hire a boat, and to go with them upon the water.

7. Little did James think of the danger he was running into. Soon, the wind began

to blow, and none of them knew how to manage the boat.

8. For some time, they struggled against the wind and tide. At last, they became so tired, that they could row no longer.

9. A large wave upset the boat, and they were all thrown into the water. Think of James Brown, the truant, at this time.

10. He was far from home, known by no one. His parents were ignorant of his danger. He was struggling in the water, on the point of being drowned.

11. Some men, however, saw the boys, and went out to them in a boat. They reached them just in time to save them from a watery grave.

12. They were taken into a house, where their clothes were dried. After a while, they were sent home to their parents.

13. James was sorry for his conduct, and was never guilty of the same thing again.

14. He became regular at school, learned to attend to his books, and, above all, to obey his parents.

EXERCISES.—What was James Brown in the habit of doing? What would he tell his mother? How was he at last punished? How was he saved? What effect did this have on him?

LESSON III.

sign	a-muse′	teach′er	hap′pi-est
eyes	sell′ing	coun′try	sup-pos′ed
chalk	par′cels	miss′ing	de-light′ed
search	in-quire′	troub′led	fish′er-man
taught	writ′ing	spin′ning	gen′tle-man
try′ing	vent′ure	con-fus′ed	them-selves′

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

1. Charles Rose lived in the country with his father, who taught him to read and to write.

2. Mr. Rose told his son that, when his morning lessons were over, he might amuse himself, for one hour, as he pleased.

3. There was a river near by. On its bank stood the hut of a poor fisherman, who lived by selling fish.

4. His careful wife kept her wheel going early and late. They both worked very hard to keep themselves above want.

5. But they were greatly troubled, lest their only son should never learn to read and to write. They could not teach him themselves, and they were too poor to send him to school.

6. Charles called at the hut of this fisherman, one day, to inquire about his dog, which was missing.

7. He found the little boy, whose name was Joe, sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him what he was doing.

8. "I am trying to write," said he, "but I know only two words. Those I saw upon a sign, and I am trying to write them.

9. "If I could only learn to read and write," said he, "I should be the happiest boy in the world."

10. "Then I will make you happy," said Charles. "I am but a little boy, but I can teach you that.

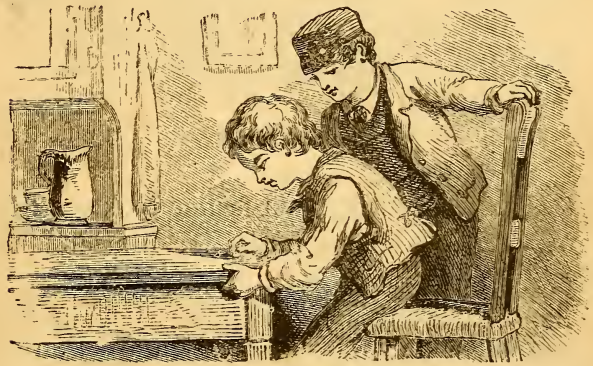
11. "Father gives me an hour every day for myself. If you will try to learn, you will soon know how to read and to write."

12. Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees to thank Charles. They told him, it was what they wished above all things.

13. The next day, when the hour came, Charles put his book in his pocket, and went to teach Joe. Joe learned very fast, and Charles soon began to teach him to write.

14. Some time after, a gentleman called on Mr. Rose, and asked him if he knew where Charles was. Mr. Rose said that he was taking a walk, he supposed.

15. "I am afraid," said the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself thus. I often see him go to the house of the fisherman. I fear he goes out in their boat."



16. Mr. Rose was much troubled. He had told Charles that he must never venture on the river, and he thought he could trust him.

17. The moment the gentleman left, Mr. Rose went in search of his son. He went to the river, and walked up and down, in hope of seeing the boat.

18. Not seeing it, he grew uneasy. He thought they must have gone a long way off. Unwilling to leave without learning something of him, he went to the hut.

19. He put his head in at the window, which was open. There a pleasant sight met his eyes.

20. Charles was at the table, ruling a copy-book. Joe was reading to him, while his mother was spinning in the corner.

21. Charles was a little confused. He feared his father might not be pleased; but he had no need to be uneasy, for his father was delighted.

22. The next day, his father took him to town, and gave him books for himself and Joe, with writing-paper, pens, and ink.

23. Charles was the happiest boy in the world when he came home. He ran to Joe, his hands filled with parcels, and his heart beating with joy.

EXERCISE.—Relate the story of Charles Rose and the fisherman's son.

ARTICULATION.

Md.	fāmd,	blāmd,	nāmd,	framd,	dēemd,	gleemd.
Ms.	hāms,	gems,	dims,	shams,	drums,	frams.
Mst.	emst,	gemst,	dimst,	shamst,	drumst,	framst.

LESSON IV.

blest	guide	tar′dy	teach′er
learn	wrong	les′sons	school′-boy
haste	i′dler	end′less	knowl′edge

HASTE THEE, SCHOOL-BOY.

1. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay;
Often you have tardy been,
Many a lesson you 've not seen;
Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

2. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Join no more the idler's play;
Quickly speed your steps to school,

And there mind your teacher's rule;
Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Join no more the idler's play.

3. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day;
Love the truth, and shun the wrong,
Then no day will seem too long;
Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day.

4. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay;
Seek the place with knowledge blest;
It will guide to endless rest;
Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay.

LESSON V.

tries	cous'in	an'swer	Em'i-ly
catch	writ'er	rab'bits	en-tire'ly
a-greed'	re-turn'	cab'bage	to-geth'er

THE LITTLE LETTER-WRITER.

1. EMILY, here is a letter for you. It is from your little cousin John. Make haste,

and I will read it to you. How clever it is for cousin John to be able to write a letter! *You* would like to be able to write a letter, would you not?

2. But you know you can not write; you have not yet learned. I hope you will make haste and learn to read, and then your father will teach you to write. You want to know when he will begin to teach you. That will depend entirely upon yourself.

3. If you take pains, and learn to read all the lessons in this book, without stopping to spell a single word, *then* he will begin to teach you to write.

4. I shall be very glad, when you are able to write a letter to your cousin John in return for this. But we must read it.

5. "Cousin Emily:—I am going to tell you about a cat and some rabbits that I have. They all play together in the yard. Sometimes the cat tries to teach the rabbits to catch mice. They will eat together from the same dish.

6. "One day they had some beef, and bread, and cabbage, set before them on the same plate. The cat agreed that the rabbits might have the cabbage, and puss took the

beef herself. But when the cat was eating some bread, the rabbits bit at the other end.

7. "Pussy did not like that, so she hit the rabbits with her paw. After that, they were very good friends again.

8. "I can not tell you any thing more about them now, for my hand is tired with writing; but I wish you would come here, and I will let you see them. This letter is from your cousin JOHN."

9. Now, is not this a very pretty letter, Emily? Should you not like to see puss and the rabbits playing and eating?

10. Yes, I am sure you would. Well, be a good girl, and I will take you, some day, to see your cousin John, and his rabbits.

11. But now you must go to your lessons. I hope that when John writes you another letter, you will have learned to write, and then be able to answer him.

EXERCISES.—What is this story about? Who wrote the letter? To whom did he write? What did he write about? Would you like to grow up without being able to write?

ARTICULATION.

Mt.	$\overset{2}{\text{a}}$mt,	$\overset{2}{\text{e}}$mt,	$\overset{2}{\text{i}}$mt,	$\overset{2}{\text{o}}$mt,	$\overset{2}{\text{u}}$mt,	oimt,	oumt.
Mts.	$\overset{2}{\text{a}}$mts,	$\overset{2}{\text{e}}$mts,	$\overset{2}{\text{i}}$mts,	$\overset{2}{\text{o}}$mts,	$\overset{2}{\text{u}}$mts,	oimts,	oumts.

LESSON VI.

lambs	but'ter	pret'ty	flow'ers
quench	hors'es	grow'ing	hook'ing
wreaths	thirst'y	ques'tion	break'fast
sor'ry	gar'den	drink'ing	beau'ti-ful

LET IT RAIN.

Rose. See, how it rains! O dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

Father. Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?

Rose. Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

Father. Are you sorry, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?

Rose. Sorry? no, indeed! Just now, I wished, very much, to go out and see them, they look so pretty.

Father. Well, are you sorry, when you see the horses, cows, or sheep, drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

Rose. Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

Father. Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

Rose. Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think of such a thing.

Father. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

Rose. No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

Father. I thought my little Rose was sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

Rose. It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

Father. Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

Rose. I did not think of all these things, father. I am now very glad to see the rain pour down.

EXERCISES.—Of what use is rain to the horses and cows? To the trees and flowers? Of what use is it to man?

LESSON VII.

does	flight	whence	val'ley
goes	height	ra'ges	schol'ar
climb	knows	toss'es	whith'er

THE WIND.

1. WHICH way does the wind come?
Which way does he go?
He rides over water,
He rides over snow.

2. Over wood, over valley,
And over the height
Which the goat can not climb,
He taketh his flight.

3. He rages and tosses,
In every bare tree,
As, if you look upward,
You plainly may see.

4. But whence he doth come,
And whither he goes,
There is never a scholar
In this world that knows.

EXERCISES.—What is this poetry about? What is said about the wind?

THE TEACHER should see that the Exercises in Articulation are *thoroughly* practiced. *Nothing* can supply the want of such practice. With it, success in securing correct and distinct articulation may with certainty be attained.

ARTICULATION.

Nd, nds.	find,	finds,	grind,	grinds,	bind,	binds.
	band,	bands,	hand,	hands,	end,	ends.
Ns, nst.	wins,	winst,	sins,	sinst,	fans,	fanst.
	kens,	kenst,	mans,	manst,	puns,	punst.

LESSON VIII.

clothes	beau'ty	in-vĭt'ed	med'dling
lock'*e*d	care'ful	hap'pi-er	a-shăm'*e*d
grav'el	show'*e*d	med'dl*e*d	gar'den-er
as-sure'	touch'*e*d	mis'chief	ad-mĭr'ing
med'dle	bor'ders	bloom'ing	yes'ter-day

A WALK IN THE GARDEN.

1. Frank was one day walking with his mother, when they came to a pretty garden. Frank looked in, and saw that it had nice, clean gravel walks, and beds of blooming flowers.

2. He called to his mother, and said, "Mother, come and look at this pretty garden. I wish I might open the gate, and walk in it."

3. The gardener being near, heard what Frank said, and he kindly invited Frank and his mother to walk in the garden.

4. Frank's mother thanked the man. Turning to Frank, she said, "Frank, if I take you to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with any thing in it."

5. Frank walked along the gravel paths, and looked at every thing, but touched nothing.

6. He did not tread on any of the borders, and took care that his clothes should not brush the tops of the flowers, lest he might break them.

7. The gardener was much pleased with Frank, because he was so careful not to do mischief. He showed him the seeds, and told him the names of many of the flowers.

8. While Frank was admiring the beauty of a flower, a boy came to the gate, and finding it locked, he shook it. But it would not open. Then he said, "Let me in; let me in; will you not let me in?"

9. "No, indeed," said the gardener, "I will not let you in, I assure you; for when I let you in yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and pulled some of my rare fruit. I do not choose to let a boy into my garden, who meddles with what does not belong to him."

10. The boy looked ashamed, and when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away.

11. Frank then saw and felt how much happier a boy may be, by not meddling with what does not belong to him.

EXERCISES.—Why did the gardener like Frank? Why would he not admit the other boy? What did Frank learn?

LESSON IX.

trace	ax'es	earn'est	be-liev'ed
shook	dan'ger	dis-may'	de-ceiv'ed
sleeve	com'ing	de-stroy'	beau'ti-ful

THE WOLF.

1. A BOY was once taking care of some sheep not far from a forest. Near by, was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

2. One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

3. The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing, they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

4. As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

5. The men came again, but not so many as before. They saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads and went back.

6. On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

7. The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which was John's, and which he loved very much.

8. The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the wolf. Why did not the men come the third time? What did John lose? What may we learn from this story?

ARTICULATION.

Nt, nts.	hint,	hints,	plant,	plants,	cent,	cents.
Nth.	anth,	enth,	inth,	onth,	unth,	ointh.
Ngd.	angd,	engd,	hangd,	wingd,	bangd,	bungd.

LESSON X.

ants	grown	starv'ing	here-aft'er
dance	en-joy'	stud'i-ed	im-por'tant
stores	sup-pose'	con-sid'er	grass'hop-per

INDOLENCE.

Jane. Dear Mary, do tell me about my lesson once more, for I can never get it alone.

Mary. But why have you not learned it? Have you studied it well?

Jane. Why, no. I can never leave my play, to waste time over a dull lesson, I am sure.

Mary. Why, Jane, how can you speak so? Which do you consider most important, your lessons, or your play?

Jane. O, the lessons, I suppose. But then, I like to play best, and only wish I could play all the time.

Mary. But you will not be able to play always. And what will you do then?

Jane. Why, when it comes to that, I will study or work.

Mary. But you will not know how. And when you are grown up, you will be ashamed to learn as children do.

Jane. I can think of that, when the time comes. But now, I mean to enjoy myself.

Mary. You would better think of it now. But let me tell you a story.

"Ants, you know, work hard in summer to lay up their winter stores. But grasshoppers do not work in summer, and they die when winter comes.

"Well, a grassnopper once asked an ant to give him some food to keep him from starving.

"'What did you do all summer,' said the ant, 'that you have nothing to eat now?' 'I sang,' said the grasshopper. 'You sang?' said the ant; 'well, now you may dance!'"

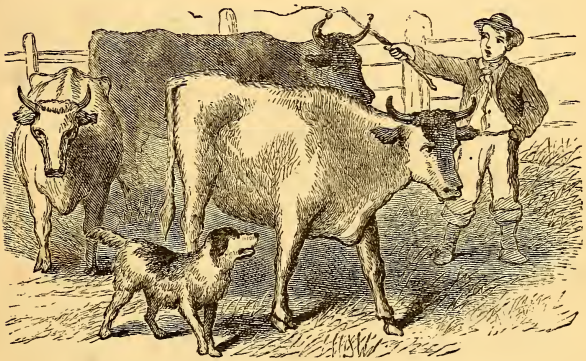
Jane. Then you think I am like the grasshopper, do you?

Mary. Yes. But I will be more kind than the ant, for I will help you this once; but hereafter I hope you will do your work.

and learn your lessons, without the aid of any one.

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the ant and grasshopper. What should this teach us?

LESSON XI.



oaks	boughs	use'ful	cot'tage
close	Ro'ver	wea'ry	faith'ful
shades	shad'ed	won'der	past'ure

ROVER.

1. In summer, at the close of day,
When sunset shades had come,
George with his Rover, went to find
The cows, and drive them home.

2. The pasture, where they daily went
To breakfast and to dine,
Was large and green, a sunny place;
Its grass was sweet and fine.

3. And through it ran a little brook,
Where oft the cows would drink,
And then lie down among the flowers,
That grew upon the brink.

4. They liked to lie beneath the trees,
All shaded by the boughs,
Whene'er the noontide heat came on:
Sure, they were happy cows.

5. And oft, at night, when Georgy came,
Quite weary with his race,
The cows would be among the oaks,
In a far distant place.

6. Then he would wait, and Rover call:
Away would Rover go,
And leave his master at the gate,
With nothing there to do.

7. And quickly he would find the cows,
And make them walk before,
Nor let them stop till they were safe,
Beside the cottage door.

8. And many other useful things,
Would faithful Rover do:
No wonder George was kind to him,
And always loved him so.

EXERCISES.—What did Rover do? How did George treat him? How can we secure the love of others?

ARTICULATION.

Pl.	pla,	ple,	pli,	plo,	plu,	ploi,	plou.
Pr.	pra,	pre,	pri,	pro,	pru,	proi,	prou.
	plod,	pled,	prim,	prog,	plad,	prop,	plan.

LESSON XII.

shore	fröz'en	chŏk'ed	of'fer-ed
hymn	joy'ful	float'ed	heav'i-ly
rus'tle	wid'ow	or'phan	en'ter-ed
ves'sel	an'swer	cap'tain	list'en-ed
bo'som	Wal'ter	sin-cere'	des'o-late
peo'ple	com'fort	cross'ing	neigh'bors

WALTER GREY.

1. WALTER GREY lived with his mother, on the bank of a river. Walter used to chop wood for a living for his mother and himself; for his father was dead.

2. One winter day, Walter was crossing the river on the ice, when, all at once, it began to break. He ran to get to the shore, but the ice broke loose, and floated off with him.

3. He called to his mother, but she could not hear. Then he shouted to some men far off in the woods, but his voice did not reach them.

4. Here was poor Walter in the river, alone on a cake of ice, and almost frozen. His heart sank within him, as he thought of his poor mother with no one to comfort her, and take care of her; but he looked to God, and trusted in Him.

5. After an hour or two, Mrs. Grey thought Walter was gone a great while, so she went and called him. But no Walter was near to answer. She said to herself, "He will be back soon, for he is a good and kind son."

6. But Walter did not come. She feared her boy was killed, or drowned, or lost. Her neighbors all turned out, and went up and down the hills, and woods, and roads, and into every house, but nothing could be heard of him.

7. Thus, day after day passed away, and the poor woman felt, that she was indeed left alone in her desolate home. If she looked at the chair he used to sit in, her eyes would fill with tears. If she looked at the door, she would think how often he had entered it.

8. If she heard a leaf rustle, or the wind shake the trees, she thought it must be Walter coming back. When she sat down to eat her lonely meals, she would feel almost choked.

9. Poor, lone widow! How sad were her days and her nights, as they wore heavily away. Her only comfort was the thought that a good and kind Father will take care of the widow and orphan, if they trust in Him.

10. One day, after Walter had been gone two weeks, Mrs. Grey was sitting by her fireside, when she heard some people talking near her lonely cabin.

11. She listened, and heard some one say, "She is at home." Before she could open the door, Walter jumped in, and threw his arms around her neck.

12. How joyful was the poor widow now!

She could not speak for joy. She pressed him to her bosom, and wept over her lost boy, who was found again.

13. Walter told his mother, that when he was carried away on the ice, he floated far out into the bay. By and by, a vessel came along. But he could not make the men hear him.

14. After some time, the captain told his men, that he saw something strange on the cake of ice, and he thought it looked like a boy. He put out his boat, and soon came up with him, almost stiff with cold.

15. They were all on the vessel in a short time, and Walter was taken care of, as well as he could wish. The captain took Walter to Boston, and there put him on another vessel which was going near his home.

16. And here he was, he said, at home with his mother once more. He knew God would not forsake those who put their trust in Him, and he had tried to trust Him.

17. A joyful hymn was sung, that night, in the cottage of the poor widow, on the banks of that river. A humble and sincere prayer was offered to God, that He would

still bless and take care of the widow and the orphan.

EXERCISES.—How did Walter Grey support himself and his mother? How was he lost? What was done to find him? How did his mother feel? In whom did she trust? How was he saved? To whom did they offer thanks? For what did they pray?

LESSON XIII.

wires	try'ing	bar'gain	o'pen-*ed*
French	a-piece'	peep'ing	re-solv'*ed*
fly'ing	set'tl*ed*	sur-prise'	pris'on-ers

THE BIRDS SET FREE.

1. A MAN was walking one day through the streets of a city. He saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale, in a cage.

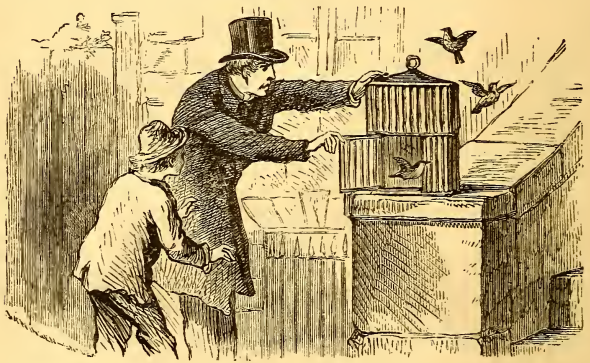
2. He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners, flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, and trying to get out.

3. He stood, for some time, looking at the birds. At last, he said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

4. "Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy. "I do not mean how much apiece," said the man, "but how much for *all* of them. I want to buy them all."

5. The boy began to count, and found they came to five dollars. "There is your money," said the man. The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

6. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.



7. The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

8. "I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison which I can make free."

EXERCISES.—How much did the man give for the birds? What did he do with them? Why did he set them at liberty?

ARTICULATION.

Ps, pst.	dips,	dipst,	rips,	ripst,	maps,	mapst.
	naps,	napst,	saps,	sapst,	sips,	sipst.
	hops,	hopst,	nips,	nipst,	lops,	lopst.

LESSON XIV.

plain	flown	fel'low	Char'ley
shows	pow'er	re-turn'	path'less
guards	re-vive'	set'ting	thought'ful-ly

LITTLE CHARLEY.

1. The birds have flown away,
   The flowers are dead and gone,
   The clouds look cold and gray,
   Around the setting sun.

2. Upon his father's knee,
   Was Charley's happy place,
   And very thoughtfully
   He looked up in his face.

3. And these his simple words:
   "Father, how cold it blows!
   And where are all the birds
   Amid the storms and snows?"

4. "They fly far, far away,
From storm, and snow, and rain;
But, Charley dear, next May,
They 'll all come back again."

5. "And will my flowers come, too?"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new,
That now looks cold and dead?"

6. "O yes, dear; in the spring,
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."

7. "Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go?
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?

8. "And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who 'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"

9. "My son, there is a Power
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

10. "He, through the pathless air,
Shows little birds the way;
And we, too, are his care,
He guards us day by day."

EXERCISES.—What becomes of the birds in winter? What of the flowers? When do they come back again? Who takes care of them? Who takes care of us?

LESSON XV.

spoil	peo'ple	wrap'ped	birth'day
piece	ex-pect'	car'riage	mis-takes'
cous'in	an'swer	ques'tion	o-bli'ged
rea'son	es-teem'	dab'bling	gen'er-ous

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

LATE in the morning of her cousin Ellen's birthday, Susan finished her work-basket. The carriage was at the door. Her father's voice was heard calling her.

So she was obliged to go down, with her basket but half wrapped up in a piece of paper.

As the carriage went on, Susan pulled the paper by each of the four corners, first one side, and then the other, to hide the basket.

Father. It will never do, my dear. I am afraid you will never make a sheet of paper cover a box, which is twice as large as itself.

Susan. It is not a box, father, it is a basket.

Father. Let us look at this basket.

Susan. O father! you will spoil it, indeed. Indeed, you will spoil the poor handle.

Father. But what is the use of the poor handle, if we are not to take hold of it? And pray, Susan, is this the thing you have been dabbling about, all the week, with paste and rags? I could not think what you were about. Is this the thing?

Susan. Yes, sir. You think then, that I have wasted my time, because the basket is of no use. But then it is a present for my cousin Ellen.

Father. Your cousin Ellen will be very much obliged to you for a present that is of no use.

Susan. But Ellen will like the basket, I know, though it is of no use.

Father. Perhaps so. But how comes it, that you are so fond of such a silly person?

Susan. I, father? I do not think that I am very fond of her.

Father. I did not say very fond.

Susan. Well, but I do not think I am fond of her at all.

Father. But you have spent a whole week in making this thing for her.

Susan. Yes, sir, and all my two dollars beside.

Father. Yet you think her silly, and you are not fond of her at all, and you say you know that this will be of no use to her.

Susan. But it is her birthday; and I am sure she will expect something, and every body else will give her something.

Father. Then your reason for giving is, because she expects you to give her something. But should you always give, merely because others expect, or because somebody else gives?

Susan. O no, sir, not always.

Father. O, only on birthdays.

Susan. Now you are making a joke of me, I see. But I thought you liked that people should be generous. My grandmother said that she did.

Father. So do I, full as well as your

grandmother. But what is it to be generous?

Susan. Why, is it not generous to make presents?

Father. That is a question which it would take some time to answer.

But, to make a present that you know can be of no use, to one you do not love or esteem, because it is her birthday; because every body gives her something; because she expects something; and because your grandmother says she likes to see people generous, seems to me, my dear Susan, to be rather foolish than generous.

Susan. Then I am a fool, am I?

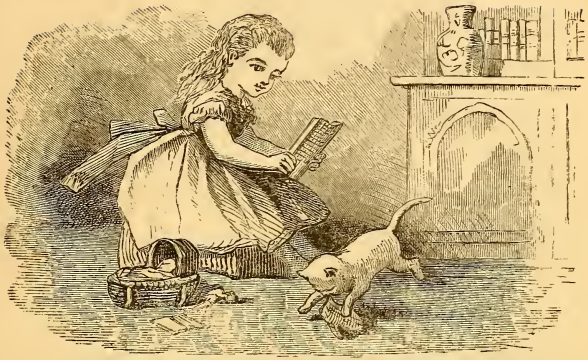
Father. Because you have made one mistake? O no! If you have sense enough to see your own mistakes, and can afterward avoid them, you will never be a fool.

EXERCISE.—What had Susan been making? Why did she wish to give it to her cousin? Is it wrong to make presents? What kind of presents should they be?

ARTICULATION.

Pt, pts. ept, epts, ipt, ipts, opt, opts.
upt, upts, oipt, oipts, oupt, oupts.
apt, sept, crept, septs, ad-epts.

LESSON XVI.



fetch	strange	gen'tle	stop'ped
scene	ta'bles	view'ed	skip'ped
watch	kit'ten	quick'ly	mam-ma'
stretch	mit'ten	anx'ious	fol'low-ed

THE RACE FOR THE MITTEN.

1. One day a pretty, playful kitten
Pulled off the little Ellen's mitten;
Skipped o'er the tables and the chairs,
Then left the room and ran up stairs.

2. Ellen, who, seated at her book,
Viewed the whole scene with anxious look,
Now thought it time to jump and run,
And watch the end of Kitty's fun.

3. Up stairs and down, Kit almost flew,
And Ellen followed quickly, too;
But Ellen could not catch the kitten,
Nor could she get the stolen mitten.

4. Sometimes the kitten would turn round;
Then on she went with sudden bound:
Ellen might stretch her hand in vain;
The little thing was off again.

5. Ellen, quite tired out, at last,
Thought that the kitten ran too fast;
And turned to hear her little brother
Call, "Sister Ellen, let's tell mother."

6. To tell mamma she thought it best,
But stopped to take a moment's rest;
She put her hand before her eye,
And almost felt that she must cry.

7. The kitten marked the sudden change,
And seemed to think it very strange;
Then creeping back, with gentle pace,
She looked straight up in Ellen's face.

8. Ellen knew not that puss was near;
Her easy step she did not hear;
Puss raised her paw with gentle tap,
And laid the mit in Ellen's lap.

LESSON XVII.

court	sto′ry	jus′tice	an′i-mals
judge	of′fice	ob′jects	pre-tense′
cheese	a-gree′	nib′bled	cram′med
wrong	mor′al	bal′ance	sup-pos′ed
weighs	tri′fles	grave′ly	dis-miss′ed
re-sort′	de-cide′	monk′ey	in-struc′tion

THE CATS AND THE MONKEY.

A FABLE.

1. A FABLE is a story, in which animals or other objects are supposed to talk, although they never do so.

2. The moral of a fable is the instruction to be drawn from it. Here is the fable of the cats and the monkey.

3. Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree how to divide it. So they called in a monkey, to decide the case.

4. "Let me see," says the monkey, with an arch look, "this slice weighs more than the other." With that, he bit off a large piece, in order, as he said, to make them balance.

5. The other scale was now too heavy. This gave the upright judge a fine pretense to take a second mouthful.

6. "Hold! hold!" cried the two cats; "give each of us his share of the rest, and we will be content."

7. "If you are content," says the monkey, "justice is not. The law, my friends, must have its course."

8. So he nibbled first one piece, and then the other. The poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten, most humbly begged the judge to give himself no further trouble.

9. "Not so fast, I beseech you, my friends," says the judge; "we owe justice to

ourselves as well as to you. What is left, is due to me in right of my office."

10. So saying, he crammed the whole into his mouth, and very gravely dismissed the court.

MORAL.

11. This fable teaches us, that it is better to bear slight wrong, rather than to resort to law for trifles.

EXERCISES.—What is a fable? What is meant by the moral of a fable? Relate this fable and give its moral.

ARTICULATION.

Rb, rbs.	3 arb,	3 orb,	3 urb,	3 arbs,	3 orbs,	3 urbs.
	3 barb,	3 barbs,	3 garb,	3 garbs,	3 erb,	3 erbs.

LESSON XVIII.

cloak	sul'try	buck'led	mount'ain
wreck	de-cide'	suc-ceed'	for'ci-bly
a-rose'	a-greed'	burst'ing	trav'el-er

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A FABLE.

1. A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, as to which of the two was the strongest.

2. To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a traveler. That party, which should first strip him of his cloak, was to win the day.

3. The Wind began. He blew a cutting blast, which tore up the mountain oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck.

4. But the traveler, though at first he could scarcely keep his cloak on his back, ran under a hill for shelter, and buckled his mantle about him more closely than ever.

5 The Wind, having thus tried his utmost power in vain, the Sun began.

6. Bursting through a thick cloud, he darted his sultry beams so forcibly upon the traveler's head, that the poor fellow was almost melted.

7. "This," said he, "is past all bearing. It is so hot, that one might as well be in an oven."

8. So he quickly threw off his cloak, and went under the shade of a tree to cool himself.

MORAL.

9. This fable teaches us, that gentle

means will often succeed, where force will fail.

EXERCISES.—Relate the fable of the Wind and the Sun. What does this fable teach us? Point out the commas. The colons. The periods.

LESSON XIX.

wrong	rea'son	per'fect	for-give'
thanks	dan'ger	pout'ing	creat'ure
o-bey'	pee'vish	wake'ful	qui'et-ly
se'cret	pre-vent'	howl'ing	a-shăm'ed
a-void'	bright'er	watch'ed	pro-tec'tion
dŭr'ing	de-lights'	kind'ness	sat'is-fi-ed

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. WHEN you rise in the morning, remember who kept you from danger during the night. Remember who watched over you, while you slept, and whose sun shines around you, and gives you the sweet light of day.

2. Let God have the thanks of your heart, for His kindness and His care. And pray for His protection during the wakeful hours of day.

3. Remember that God made all creatures to be happy; and will do nothing that may prevent their being so, without good reason for it.

4. When you are at the table, do not eat in a greedy manner, like a pig. Eat quietly, and without noise. Do not reach forth your hand for the food, but ask some one to help you.

5. Do not become peevish and pout, because you do not get a part of every thing. Be satisfied with what is given you.

6. Avoid a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words. Do not slam the doors. Go quickly up and down stairs; and never make a loud noise about the house.

7. Be kind and gentle in your manners; not like the howling winter storm, but like the bright summer's morning.

8. Do always as your parents bid you. Obey them with a ready mind, and with a pleasant face.

9. Never do any thing that you would be afraid or ashamed that your parents should know. Remember, if no one else sees you, God does; from whom you can not hide even your most secret thought.

10. At night, before you go to sleep, think whether you have done any thing that was wrong, during the day, and pray to God to forgive you. If any one has done you wrong, forgive him in your heart.

11. If you have not learned something useful, or been in some way useful, during the past day, think that it is a day lost, and be very sorry for it.

12. Trust in the Lord, and He will guide you in the way of good men. The path of the just is a light that shineth brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day.

13. We must do all the good we can to all men, for this is well pleasing in the sight of God. He delights to see his children walk in love, and do good, one to another.

EXERCISES.—What should you remember in the morning? Whom should you thank, and for what should you pray? How should you behave at the table? What should you avoid? How should you behave to your parents? What should you do at night? Whom should you always trust?

ARTICULATION.

Rd, rds.	3 ard,	3 ord,	3 urd,	3 ards,	3 ords,	3 urds.
	3 lord,	3 lords,	3 bard,	3 bards,	3 card,	3 cards.
	3 gard,	3 gards,	3 cord,	3 cords,	3 curd,	3 curds.

LESSON XX.

sees	friend	pun'ish	heav'en
sight	guards	ac'tions	false'hood
hates	pray'er	wick'ed	re-mem'ber
saves	whis'per	de-light'	for-give'ness

REMEMBER.

1. Remember, child, remember,
That God is in the sky;
That He looks down on all we do,
With an ever-wakeful eye.

2. Remember, O, remember,
That all the day and night,
He sees our thoughts and actions,
With an ever-watchful sight.

3. Remember, child, remember,
That God is good and true;
That He wishes us to always be
Like him in all we do.

4. Remember that He ever hates
A falsehood, or a lie;
Remember He will punish, too,
The wicked, by and by.

5. Remember, O, remember,
That He is like a friend,
And wishes us to holy be,
And happy, in the end.

6. Remember, child, remember,
To pray to him in heaven·
And if you have been doing wrong,
O, ask to be forgiven.

7. Be sorry, in your little prayer,
And whisper in his ear;
Ask his forgiveness and his love,
And He will surely hear.

8. Remember, child, remember,
That you love, with all your might,
The God who watches o'er us,
And gives us each delight,
Who guards us ever through the day,
And saves us in the night.

EXERCISES.—Who is it that looks on all we do? What does God hate? What must we do, if we have done wrong?

TO TEACHERS.

The Spelling Lists at the head of the Reading Lessons, are given merely as examples of the manner in which spelling should be taught, in connection with reading. The teacher should add all the important words of the lesson.

LESSON XXI.

Swiss	re-ceive′	light′ed	grat′i-tude
gay′ly	pray′ers	spark′led	in-tend′ing
re-peat′	coun′try	lan′guage	dis-tress′ed
mon′ey	shout′ed	wretch′ed	cheer′ful-ly
be-long′	dis-tress′	fam′i-ly	un-der-stood′
re-ward′	wel′come	shiv′er-ing	un-der-stand′

THE NEW-YEAR.

1. One pleasant New-year's morning, Edward rose, and washed and dressed himself in haste. He wanted to be first to wish a happy New-year.

2. He looked in every room, and shouted the words of welcome. He ran into the street, to repeat them to those he might meet.

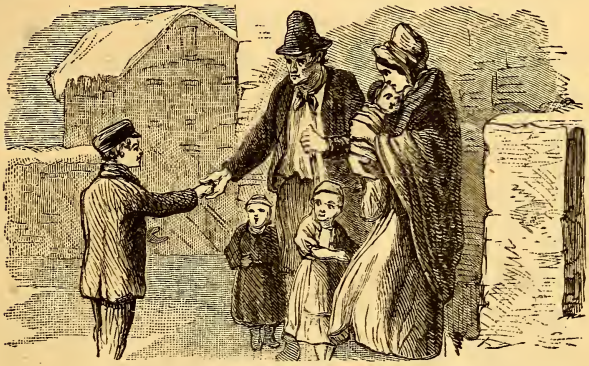
3. When he came back, his father gave him two, bright, silver dollars.

4. His face lighted up, as he took them. He had long wished to buy some pretty books he had seen at the bookstore.

5. He left the house with a light heart, intending to buy the books.

6. As he ran down the street, he saw a poor Swiss family, the father, mother, and three children, shivering with cold.

7. "I wish you a happy New-year," said Edward, as he was gayly passing on. The man shook his head, and said, "Me no understand."



8. "You do not belong to this country then," said Edward. The man again shook his head, for he could not speak our language.

9. But he pointed to his mouth, and to the children, as if to say, "These little ones have had nothing to eat for a long time."

10. Edward quickly understood that these poor people were in distress. He took out

his dollars, and gave one to the man, and the other to his wife.

11. How their eyes sparkled with gratitude! They said something in their language, which doubtless meant, "We thank you a thousand times, and will remember you in our prayers."

12. When Edward came home, his father asked him what books he had bought. He hung his head a moment, but quickly looked up.

13. "I have bought no books," said he. "I gave my money to some poor people, who seemed to be very hungry and wretched.

14. "I think I can wait for my books till next New-year. O, if you had seen how glad they were to receive the money!"

15. "My dear boy," said his father, "here is a whole bundle of books. I give them to you, more as a reward for your goodness of heart, than as a New-year's gift.

16. "I saw you give the money to the poor Swiss family. It was no small sum for a little boy to give cheerfully.

17. "Be thus ever ready to help the poor, and wretched, and distressed; and every

year of your life will be to you a happy New-year."

EXERCISES.—What did Edward do on New-year's morning? What did his father give him when he came back? Whom did he meet, and what did they try to tell him? What did he do with his money? How did his father reward him?

ARTICULATION.

Rf, rfs.	3 arf,	3 orf,	3 urf,	3 arfs,	3 orfs,	3 urfs.
	3 serf,	3 serfs,	3 dworf,	3 dworfs,	3 arf,	3 arfs.
	3 irf,	3 irfs,	3 orf,	3 orfs,	3 turf,	3 turfs.

LESSON XXII.

Jack	prowl	shiv'er	laugh'ing
Frost	wring	chas'ed	mid'night
tomb	lin'net	joy'ous	wood'lands
crack	tin'gle	crev'ice	sleigh'-bells
swept	jin'gle	wrap'ped	school'-boys

JACK FROST.

1. WHO hath killed the pretty flowers,
Born and bred in summer bowers?
Who hath taken away their bloom?
Who hath swept them to the tomb?
Jack Frost.

2. Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away?
Who hath hushed their joyous breath,
And made the woodlands still as death?
Jack Frost.

3. Who hath chilled the laughing river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Jack Frost.

4. Who doth prowl at midnight hour
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping,
Through the very key-hole peeping?
Jack Frost.

5. Who doth pinch the traveler's toes?
Who doth wring the school-boy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh-bells jingle?
Jack Frost.

EXERCISES.—What is Jack Frost? What does it do to the flowers? The birds? The river? What does it do at midnight? What to the traveler? The school-boy? The sleighs? Point out in this lesson the commas. The mark for interrogation. The apostrophes.

LESSON XXIII.

clock	spir'it	stu'pid	boast'ing
stock	ask'ing	smil'ed	mer'ri-ly
church	stee'ple	gloom'y	sun'-di-al
tongue	hum'ble	show'ed	mod'est-y

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

A FABLE.

1. ONE gloomy day, the Clock on a steeple looking down on the Sun-dial in a garden near by, said, "How stupid it is in you to stand there like a stock.

2. "You never tell the hour, till a bright sun looks forth from the sky, and gives you leave. I go merrily round, day and night;

in summer and winter the same, without asking his leave.

3. "I tell the people the time to rise, to come to dinner, and to go to church.

4. "Hark! I am going to strike now: one, two, three, four. There it is for you. How silly you look. You can say nothing."

5. The sun, at that moment broke forth from behind a cloud, and showed, by the Sun-dial, that the Clock was half an hour behind the right time.

6. The boasting Clock now held his tongue, and the Dial only smiled at his folly.

MORAL.

7. Humble modesty is more often right, than a proud and boasting spirit.

EXERCISES.—Relate the fable of the Clock and the Sun-dial. What is the moral of the fable?

ARTICULATION.

Rk, rks.	3 ark,	3 ork,	3 urk,	3 arks,	3 orks,	3 urks.
	3 ark,	3 arks,	3 clerk,	3 clerks,	3 bark,	3 barks.
	3 dirk.	3 dirks,	3 cork,	3 corks,	3 mark,	3 marks.

LESSON XXIV.

fight	ef′fort	cow′ard	ŭs′u-al
depth	med′dle	mis′chief	qui′et-ly
wrong	quar′rel	scream′ed	de-serv′ed
clothes	bath′ing	strug′gled	aft′er-noon
straight	cour′age	re-proach′	cow′ard-ice

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

1. Robert and Henry were going home from school, when, on turning a corner, Robert cried out, "A fight! a fight! let us go and see!"

2. "No," said Henry; "let us go quietly home, and not meddle with them. We have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief."

3. "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said Robert, and off he ran. Henry went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school, as usual.

4. But Robert had told all the boys that Henry was a coward, and they laughed at him a great deal.

5. Henry had learned, however, that true courage was shown most in bearing reproach,

when not deserved, and that he ought to be afraid of nothing but doing wrong.

6. A few days after, Robert was bathing with some school-mates, and got out of his depth. He struggled, and screamed for help, but all in vain.

7. The boys who had called Henry a coward, got out of the water as fast as they could. They did not even try to help him.

8. Robert was fast sinking, when Henry threw off his clothes, and sprang into the water. He reached Robert, just as he was sinking the last time.

9. By great effort, and with much danger to himself, he brought Robert to the shore, and thus saved his life.

10. Robert and his school-mates were ashamed at having called Henry a coward. They owned that he had more courage than any of them.

11. Never be afraid to do good, but always fear to do evil.

EXERCISES.—What did Robert and Henry see as they left school? What did Robert propose? What did Henry reply? What did Robert call him? What happened afterward? What did this prove? Of what alone should we be afraid?

LESSON XXV.

piece	fel'low	prick'*ed*	naught'y
tricks	roar'*ed*	laugh'*ed*	grin'ning
ly'ing	mon'ey	rub'bing	stretch'*ed*
a-rose'	howl'*ed*	knuck'les	heart'i-ly
serv'*ed*	wag'g*ed*	watch'ing	pun'ish-*ed*

THE CRUEL BOY PUNISHED.

1. An idle boy was one day sitting on the steps of a door, with a stick in one hand, and a piece of bread and butter in the other. As he was eating his bread, he saw a dog lying near him, and called out, "Come here, fellow!"

2. The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, arose, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and came up.

3. The boy held out his piece of bread and butter, and as the dog was about to take it, the naughty fellow struck him on the nose with the stick, which he had in the other hand. The poor dog howled, and ran away as fast as he could.

4. The cruel boy laughed heartily at the trick he had played. At this moment, a man on the other side of the street, who had been watching him, called to the boy, and showing him a half-dollar, asked him if he would like to have it.

5. "Yes," said the boy, "to be sure I would." "Come and get it, then," said the man. The boy ran to him, and stretched out his hand for the money, when the man gave him such a rap over the knuckles with his cane, that he roared with pain.

6. "Why did you do that?" said the boy, grinning and rubbing his knuckles. "I did not hurt you, or ask you for money."

7. "Why did you strike the poor dog just now?" said the man. "Had he hurt

you, or asked you for bread? I have served you just as you served him."

8. The bad boy hung his head, and seemed very much ashamed; and I have never heard of his playing any cruel tricks since.

EXERCISES.—Relate this story. Why is cruelty to animals wrong?

ARTICULATION.

Rl, rls.	^{3}arl,	^{3}orl,	^{3}url,	^{3}arls,	^{3}orls,	^{3}urls.
	^{3}hurl,	^{3}hurls,	^{3}marl,	^{3}marls,	^{3}curl,	^{3}curls.
	^{3}carl,	^{3}carls,	^{3}girl,	^{3}girls,	^{3}erl,	^{3}erls.

LESSON XXVI.

dye	vel'vet	trim'med	ap-pear'ed
crawl	^{1}gaz'ing	se-cret'ed	un-come'ly
watch	rep'tile	but'ter-fly	beau'te-ous
pow'er	brill'iant	for-got'ten	cat'er-pil-lar

THE CATERPILLAR.

A FABLE.

1. "DON'T kill me!" Caterpillar said,
As Charles had raised his heel,
Upon the humble worm to tread.
As though it could not feel.

2. "Do n't kill me! and I 'll crawl away,
To hide awhile, and try
To come and look, another day,
More pleasing to your eye.

3. "I know I 'm now among the things
Uncomely to your sight;
But, by and by, on splendid wings
You 'll see me high and bright.

4. "And then, perhaps, you may be glad
To watch me on the flower,
And that you spared the worm, you had
To-day within your power."

5. The caterpillar went and hid
In some secreted place,
Where none could look on what he did,
To change his form and face.

6. And, by and by, when Charles had quite
Forgotten what I 've told,
A butterfly appeared in sight,
Most beauteous to behold.

7. His shining wings were trimmed with gold,
And many a brilliant dye
Was laid upon their velvet fold,
To charm the gazing eye.

8. Then, near as safety would allow,
To Charles's ear he drew,
And said, "You may not know me now;
My form and name are new.

9. "I am the worm that once you raised
Your ready foot to kill;
For sparing me I long have praised,
And love and praise you still.

10. "The lowest reptile at your feet,
When power is not abused,
May prove the fruit of mercy sweet,
By being kindly used."

LESSON XXVII.

fierce	ac'tions	thick'et	an'gri-ly
wrath	pur'pose	sur-prise'	of-fend'ed
ech'o	mock'ing	school'-mates	hap'pen-*ed*

THE ECHO.

1. As Robert was one day rambling about, he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho!"

2. In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"

3. Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" came back from the hill.

4. Robert was now quite angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

5. He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy, who, as he thought, was mocking him; but he could find nobody.

6. When he went home, he told his mother, that some boy had hid himself in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

7. "Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

8. "Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you never hear an echo?" said his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, I am sure I never did. What is it?"

9. "I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house,

it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

10. "Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke.

11. "That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back your own voice.

12. "The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

13. "Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.

14. "The Bible says, A soft answer turneth away wrath. Remember this, when you are at play with your schoolmates.

15. "If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

16. "When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

17. "Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,

The good and the kind,
By kindness their love ever proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving."

EXERCISES.—Relate what Robert saw and heard as he was rambling in the fields. What did he think it was that answered him? What did his mother tell him? How did she explain to him an echo? What does the Bible say about a soft answer? What will be the consequence? Can you repeat the lines at the close of the story?

TO TEACHERS.

The Exercises in Articulation are placed *between* the Reading Lessons, that they may be practiced *before* or *after* reading, or *independently*, as the teacher may prefer.

ARTICULATION.

Rm, rms.	3 arm,	3 orm,	3 urm,	3 arms,	3 orms,	3 urms.
	3 arm,	3 arms,	3 farm,	3 farms,	3 form,	3 forms.
	3 harm,	3 harms,	3 firm,	3 firms,	3 term,	3 terms.

LESSON XXVIII.

chief	a′pron	pitch′er	mis′chief
tease	plāc′ed	be-lieve′	con-fīn′ed
tricks	say′ing	pas′sage	car′ry-ing
trick′y	slip′ped	chāng′ed	de-serv′ed
screams	de-light′	laugh′ing	pun′ish-ment

THE TRICKY BOY.

1. GEORGE NORTON was very fond of playing tricks.

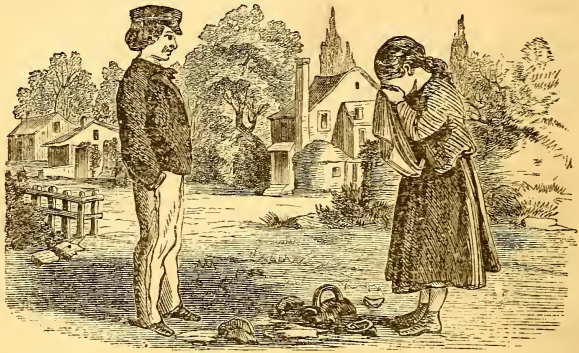
2. He thought it was fine fun to tie a rope across a passage, and see some one fall over it, or to pin a little girl's apron to the chair, so that it would tear when she rose.

3. He did not think or care about the danger of being hurt by the fall, or of the trouble of mending clothes that were torn.

4. As his chief delight was to tease others, he was not liked by any one. At last, however, he met with a punishment which he richly deserved.

5. One morning, he met a little girl with a pitcher of milk. Being tired of carrying it in her hand, she asked him to put it on her head.

6. "With all my heart," said George. He thought it would be fine fun to throw it down, and make her believe that she had let it fall.



7. "Come here. Stand very still, and when I have lifted the pitcher, be sure that you take hold of the handle."

8. "Thank you," said the little girl. "My arm is ready to drop off. I have been a great way, and my little brothers and sisters can have no dinner till I get home."

9. "Very well," said George. "Now then, stand still." So saying, the moment he had placed the pitcher on her head, he took care to let go, before she could take hold of it.

10. As George wished, the pitcher fell to the ground, and was broken in pieces, and the milk lost.

11. The poor girl burst into tears; but George stood laughing, and asked her, why she did not take hold of the handle. But his laughing was very soon changed into screams.

12. The milk had made the ground so soft, that, in turning to run away, George's foot slipped, and he fell with his leg under him, and broke it.

13. Nobody could be very sorry for him. He was confined to his bed three months, and every one said, "So much the better. The lesson will do him good, and he will be out of the way of mischief."

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the boy who loved to play tricks. Why could nobody be very sorry for him? How must we behave if we wish others to love us?

TO TEACHERS.

It should be remembered, that the *Spelling Exercises* connected with the reading lessons in this book, are, by no means, designed as a substitute for the *indispensable drill of the Spelling-book*, but merely as auxiliary to that. A very careful attention to this exercise is recommended, especially for young pupils; as youth is the time, when, if ever, the foundation is laid for correct spelling.

LESSON XXIX.

loft'y	war'ble	chill'ing	pres'ence
joy'ous	dis-turb'	rain'bow	in'no-cent
tune'ful	build'ing	cheer'less	wa'ter-falls

DO N'T KILL THE BIRDS.

1. Do n't kill the birds! the little birds,
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

2. The little birds! how sweet they sing!
O, let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take the life,
Which you can never give.

3. Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds,
That play among the trees;
For earth would be a cheerless place,
If it were not for these.

4. The little birds! how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

5. Don't kill the birds! the happy birds,
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

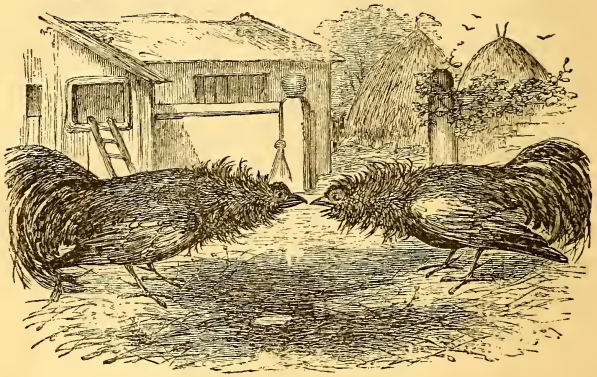
6. The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 't is to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where e'er their presence be.

EXERCISES.—Why should we not kill the birds? Are there not some animals that it is right to kill? What animals, and why?

ARTICULATION.

Rp, rps.	arp,	orp,	urp,	arps,	orps,	urps.
	harp,	harps,	carp,	carps,	quirp,	quirps.
	sharp,	sharps,	scarp,	scarps,	chirp,	chirps.

LESSON XXX.



eyes	pick′*ed*	fight′ing	gath′er-*ed*
perch	larg′est	feath′ers	re-veng′*ed*
vex′*ed*	crow′*ed*	naught′y	con′quer-*ed*
seiz′*ed*	show′*ed*	chick′ens	quar′rel-some

THE QUARRELSOME COCKS.

1. HERE is a story about two foolish cocks that were always quarreling, which is very naughty. You do not quarrel? No? I am glad of it. But if you see any little boys who quarrel, you may tell them the story of the cocks.

2. There was once a hen that lived in a farm-yard, and she had a large brood of chickens. She took a great deal of care of them, and gathered them under her wings every night.

3. The chickens were all very good, except two cocks, that were always quarreling with each other. They were hardly out of the shell, before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew larger, they fought till they were all bloody.

4. If one picked up a grain of corn, the other would always want it. They never looked pretty, because their feathers were pulled off in fighting, till they were quite bare. They pecked at each other's eyes, till they were both almost blind.

5. The old hen very often told them how naughty it was to quarrel so; but they did not mind her.

6. One day these two cocks had been fighting. The largest cock, whose name was Poco, beat the other, and crowed over him, and drove him quite out of the yard.

7. The cock that had been beaten, slunk away and hid himself. He was vexed that he had been conquered, and he wanted

sadly to be revenged. But he did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself.

8. So, after thinking a great deal, he went to a sly, old fox that lived near. He said to him, "Fox, you may come with me. I will show you where there is a large, fat cock in a farm-yard. You may eat him up, if you will."

9. The fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough. He said, "Yes, I will come with all my heart, and I will not leave a feather of him. Come now, and show me where he may be found."

10. So they went together, and the cock showed the fox the way into the farm-yard; and there was poor Poco asleep upon the perch. The fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up. The other cock stood by, and crowed for joy.

11. But when the fox had done, he said, "Poco was very good, but I have not had enough yet." So he flew upon the other cock, and, in a moment, ate him up, too.

EXERCISES.—What is this story about? What were the two chickens always doing? What became of them both? Are not people sometimes caught in their own cunning?

LESSON XXXI.

hinge	sau'cers	eas'i-ly	di-rect'ly
Frank	scald'ed	re-pli'ed	tea'-ta-ble
pull'ing	rea'sons	de-sir'ed	an'swer-ed
hap'pen	stop'ped	touch'ing	o-be'di-ent
tea'-cups	draw'ing	tum'bling	o-be'di-ence

Careful attention should be given to the formation of a clear and distinct enunciation, which can be secured only by *constant reference* to the elementary sounds. Let the pupil be required to print on the slate, a part of the words at the head of each Reading lesson, mark the vowel sounds, and analyze the words according to the MODEL on page 10.

FRANK.

1. THERE was a little boy whose name was Frank. He had a father and a mother who were very kind to him; and he loved them.

2. He liked to do what they asked him to do. He took care not to do what they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, "Frank, shut the door," he ran directly and shut the door.

3. When they said, "Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife, and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

4. One evening, when his father and mother were drinking tea, he was sitting under the tea-table.

5. He took hold of one of the legs of the table, and tried to pull it toward himself; but he could not move it. He then took hold of another leg, and found he could not move that.

6. But at last he took hold of one which he found he could move very easily; for this leg turned upon a large hinge, and was not fixed like the other legs. As he was drawing this toward him, his mother said, "Frank, what are you doing?"

7. Frank answered, "Mother, I am playing with the leg of the table." His mother said, "What do you mean?" Frank replied, "I mean that I am pulling the leg toward me." His mother said, "Let it alone."

8. Frank took away his hands from the leg of the table, and stood beside his mother. Then he said, "Mother, I have come away from the leg of the table, that I may not think of touching it any more."

9. Frank's father and mother were pleased at this mark of his obedience, and the next day they took him with them to ride.

10. After Frank had got from under the table, he wished his mother to tell him why she bid him let the leg of the table alone.

11. "I will show you, my dear," said his mother. She then moved some of the tea-cups and saucers, and the tea-urn, to another table.

12. Then she told Frank to go and push the leg of the table, as he did before. Frank did so, but when he had pushed it a little way, he stopped.

13. He looked up at his mother, and said "I see part of the top of the table moving down toward my head, mother; and if I push this leg any further back, I am afraid that part of the table will fall down on my head, and hurt me."

14. "I will hold up this part of the table, which is called the leaf," said his mother; "so that it will not fall down. Pull the leg of the table back as far as you can." Frank did as his mother desired him. She then told him to come from under the table.

15. "Now," said she, "stand beside me, and see what will happen, when I let go this leaf of the table that I am now holding."

16. Frank said, "I think I know what will happen, mother. It will fall; for now that I have pulled back the leg, there is nothing to hold it up but your hand."

17. Then his mother took away her hand, and the leaf of the table fell. Frank put his hand upon his head, saying, "O mother, that would have hurt me very much, if it had fallen upon my head.

18. "I am glad that I was not under the table when that leaf fell. And you desired me not to pull the leg of the table, lest I should get hurt. Was not that the reason, mother?"

19. "That was one reason," replied his mother. "Try if you can find out any other reasons, Frank."

20. He looked at the table, a little while, without being able to think of any other reason. But seeing his mother turn her head toward the tea-things, which had been put on another table, he thought to better purpose.

21. "O now," said he, "I know what you mean. When the leaf of the table fell, if those cups and saucers had been on it, they would have slid down, and been broken.

22. "The urn, too, would have come tumbling down; and then, all the hot water would have run out, and wet the room, and might have scalded me. I am very glad, mother, that I did as you bid me."

EXERCISE.—Relate the story of Frank and the table.

ARTICULATION.

Rt, rts.	art,	ort,	urt,	arts,	orts,	urts.
	hart,	harts,	dart,	darts,	hurt,	hurts.
	start,	starts,	cart,	carts,	part,	parts.

LESSON XXXII.

touch	bas'ket	re-joice'	for-sake'
bread	tap'ped	reach'ed	del'i-cate
bunch	pin'ned	match'es	fa'ther-ly
toss'ed	mod'est	stran'ger	care'less-ly
pen'ny	blank'et	build'ing	in'no-cence

MARY DOW.

1. "COME in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door;
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

2. A look full of innocence, fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.

3. "A penny a bunch is the price,
I think you 'll not find it too much;
They are tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

4. I asked, "What 's your name, little girl?"
"'T is Mary," said she, "Mary Dow;"
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played on her delicate brow.

5. "My father was lost on the deep;
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad and will weep,
To hear the wind blow and sea roar.

6. "She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willy's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.

7. "I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad
To see the men building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

8. "But God, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget nor forsake
The children who trust in his word.

9. "And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And we shall rejoice at the pay."

10. "Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home, full of joy, to your nest;"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

EXERCISES.—What had Mary to sell? Why did she sell them? Why did she not go the ship-yard to get chips? Who, did she think, would take care of her? Why? Point out the commas in this lesson. The semicolons. The periods. The interrogation marks.

LESSON XXXIII.

feast	lay′ing	blăz′ing	joy′ful-ly
George	col-lect′	ripe′ness	con-tent′ed
fĭn′est	scar′let	of′fer-*ed*	hap′pi-ness
nice′ly	thirst′y	ea′ger-ly	be-gin′ning
gath′er	vil′lage	di-vĭd′ed	straw′ber-ry
hedg′es	re-fresh	cov′er-*ed*	straw′ber-ries

GEORGE'S FEAST.

1. GEORGE'S mother was very poor. Instead of having bright, blazing fires in winter, she had nothing to burn but dry sticks, which George picked up from under the trees and hedges.

2. One fine day in July, she sent George to the woods, which were about two miles from the village in which she lived. He was to stay there all day, to get as much wood as he could collect.

3. It was a bright, sunny day, and George worked very hard; so that by the time the sun was high, he was hot, and wished for a cool place where he might rest, and eat his dinner.

4. While he hunted about the bank, he saw among the moss some fine wild strawberries, which were a bright scarlet with ripeness.

5. "How good these will be with my bread and butter!" thought George; and lining his little cap with leaves, he set to work eagerly to gather all he could find, and then seated himself by the brook.

6. It was a pleasant place, and George felt happy and contented. He thought how much his mother would like to see him there, and to be there herself, instead of in her dark, close room in the village.

7. George thought of all this, and just as he was lifting the first strawberry to his mouth, he said to himself, "How much mother would like these;" and he stopped, and put the strawberry back again.

8. "Shall I save them for her?" said he, thinking how much they would refresh her, yet still looking at them with a longing eye.

9. "I will eat half, and take the other half to her," said he at last; and he divided them into two heaps. But each heap looked so small, that he put them together again.

10. "I will only taste one," thought he; but as he again lifted it to his mouth, he saw that he had taken the finest, and he put it back. "I will keep them all for her," said he, and he covered them up nicely, till he should go home.

11. When the sun was beginning to sink, George set out for home. How happy he felt then, that he had all his strawberries for his sick mother. The nearer he got home, the less he wished to taste them.

12. Just as he had thrown down his wood, he heard his mother's faint voice calling him from the next room. "Is that you, George? I am glad you have come, for I am thirsty, and am longing for some tea."

13. George ran in to her, and joyfully offered his wild strawberries. "And you saved them for your sick mother, did you?" said she, laying her hand fondly on his head, while the tears stood in her eyes. "God will bless you for all this, my child."

14. Could the eating of the strawberries have given George half the happiness he felt at this moment?

EXERCISES.—For what did George go to the woods? What did he find there? What did he do with his strawberries?

ARTICULATION.

Sl.	sla,	sle,	sli,	slo,	slu,	sloi,	slou.
Sr.	sra,	sre,	sri,	sro,	sru,	sroi,	srou.
Sw.	swa,	swe,	swi,	swo,	swu,	swoi,	swou.

To Teachers.—The Exercises in Articulation may now be practiced by the class in concert.

LESSON XXXIV.

ghost	peo'ple	pre-tends'	fol'low-*ed*
fright	sto'ries	dark'ness	care'ful-ly
stretch	fool'ish	pitch'fork	fright'en-*ed*
fan'cy	ex-pect'	fan'ci-*ed*	threat'en-*ed*
ob'ject	be-lieve'	ex-act'ly	threat'en-ing
pil'low	threat'en	de-ceiv'*ed*	un-der-stand'

PLEASING STORIES.

1. My little readers have all heard about ghosts, but I suppose they never saw one. A ghost is something that foolish people suppose to walk about at night.

2. Now I need not tell you that there are no such things as ghosts, and nobody need ever expect to see one.

3. People may meet with things they do not exactly understand. At night, amid the

darkness, or by the light of the moon, they may fancy they see strange things.

4. I will tell you one or two stories, which will show you how people may be deceived in this way.

5. A boy went out to the barn, one night, to feed the horses. As he went in at the great door, something soft and white seemed to meet him. It then drew back, and came toward him again.

6. He was frightened, and ran back. He looked again, and saw the white object moving to and fro. He fancied this to be a ghost, and thought it waved up and down, and seemed to threaten him.

7. He ran to the house in a great fright. He told his father, that there was a ghost in the barn; that it waved to and fro; that it was white, was as tall as a giant, and seemed to have horns as long as a man's arm.

8. The father seized a club, his son Ben the pitchfork, John took the hoe, Eben the rake, and the mother, at their head, with broom in hand, marched out to the barn.

9. They opened the great door, and put in a light, and carefully looked around.

And there, hanging over the floor, was a white object, but not a ghost. It was only a large white pillow, upon a rope, which had been used for a swing.

10. Some of the children had been swinging there, and had left the pillow in the swing. The boy who went to find the horses, ran against the pillow, and it swung back and forth. He was frightened, and he thought it a ghost as big as a giant.

11. I will tell you another story. A man was going along in a dark night. Presently he saw something white before him. He paused. The white object moved along. He followed it a little. It fled from him, and seemed to stretch out its broad, white arms in a threatening manner.

12. The man turned back in fear, and told the story to his friends. There was a man among them, who had sense enough not to believe in ghosts, and who said he would see whether the thing was a ghost or not.

13. So he went with the other man. Pretty soon they came to the spot. There was the white object, sure enough. It moved. They followed. It spread its white arms as before.

14. They followed still faster, and in a moment one of the men caught it. Now, what do you think it was? It was only a lame goose!

15. Now, let my little readers, if any person ever pretends to have seen a ghost, tell him the stories of the pillow and of the lame goose!

EXERCISE.—Relate the stories about ghosts.

LESSON XXXV.

gray	dis'mal	laugh'*ed*	. mount'ain
shoot	grop'*ed*	af-fright'	ap-pear'*ed*
ghost	cour'age	pier'cing	guide'-post
straight	plung'*ed*	out'right	quick'en-*ed*
be-neath'	mon'ster	fright'ens	wan'der-ing

SPELL AND DEFINE.

2. HEATH; a place full of shrubs.
2. OWL'ET; a young owl.
2. BE-NIGHT'ED; out at night.
3. BE-TIDE'; to happen.

HARRY AND THE GUIDE-POST.

1. THE night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray;
And not a single star appeared
To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath the owlet flew,
And screamed along the blast;
And onward, with a quickened step,
Benighted Harry passed.

3. Now, in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find;
And now, he thought he saw beyond,
A form of horrid kind.

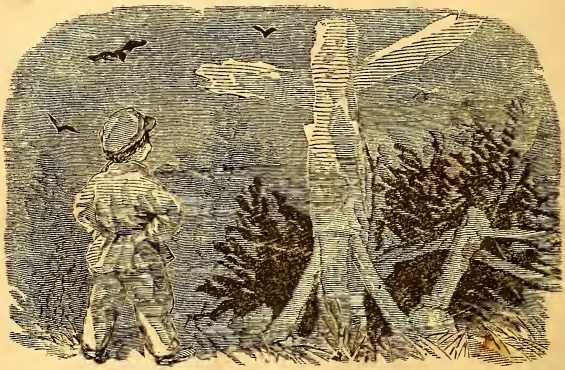
4. In deadly white it upward rose
Of cloak and mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

5. Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,
At what before him stood;
But then, thought he, no harm, I 'm sure,
Can happen to the good.

6. So, calling all his courage up,
He to the monster went;
And, eager through the dismal gloom,
His piercing eyes he bent.

7. And when he came well nigh the ghost,
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

8. For 't was a friendly guide-post stood,
His wandering steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good,
No evil could betide.



9. Ah well, thought he, one thing I've learned.
Nor shall I soon forget;
Whatever frightens me again,
I 'll march straight up to it.

10. And when I hear an idle tale,
Of monster or of ghost,
I 'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And one tall, white guide-post.

TO TEACHERS.

Thus far, only familiar words are found in these lessons. But the necessity of a proper progression will now require the gradual introduction of a few more difficult words. Such, as they occur, will be defined, as at the head of this lesson.

ARTICULATION.

Sp. spa, spe, spi, spo, spu, spoi, spou.
asp, esp, isp, osp, usp, oisp, ousp.
speed, spike, spoke, gasp, lisp.

LESSON XXXVI.

durst	schol'ar	o'pen-*ed*	re-solv'*ed*
choice	smil'ing	stud'i-*ed*	re-ceiv'*ed*
known	pur'pose	a-mus'*ed*	de-light'ed
re-sist'	ac-count'	bit'ter-ly	con-tain'*ed*
no'tice	pleas'ure	fa'vor-ite	con'stant-ly
cry'ing	touch'ing	knowl'edge	dil'i-gent-ly
ex-pect'	sur-prise'	sweet'meats	com-pan'ion

MARY AND HER FATHER.

1. Little Mary was a great favorite with her father, who used to give her whatever toys, dolls, and other playthings she wished for.

2. But it was not right, that Mary should care for nothing but such things as these, and so thought her father.

3. One day they were in the garden, and he was reading something with which he

was greatly pleased. She asked him how he could be so much pleased in reading what seemed to her very dull, and which she was sure she could never read with any pleasure.

4. Now Mary ought to have known better than this, after all her father had told her, and after having had so many pretty books given her.

5. So, instead of smiling at her, he turned away his head with a frown, and put her hand out of his, and turned from her, and went into another part of the garden.

6. Mary did not expect this, and as she was not a silly little girl, though a very idle one, she hung down her head and wept very bitterly.

7. She did not dare to look at her father, all that evening, and she did not cease crying, till she fell asleep.

8. The next morning, she studied her lesson with more care than she had ever done before, and her teacher, with surprise, found that the idlest scholar in school, had become the first of the class.

9. When Mary went home from school, she would have told her father, but she was

ashamed to see him. So she went and sought all the books which had been given her, and which had, till now, been lying about with broken playthings, and her doll's old clothes.

10. She looked into one or two, and began to think that, after all, books were not such dull things as she had thought.

11. After she had put them all together on a shelf, which had been given her for the purpose, she looked at them with great pleasure, and thought as much of her books, as her father seemed to think of his.

12. When she had thus put her books in order, she thought to herself, that she had much yet to do before she durst again see her father, or he would be as kind to her as he used to be.

13. She looked at every book she had, and at last made choice of one, which she took and read so diligently, that in a few days she knew every thing which it contained, and could tell all about it.

14. She was so pleased with the knowledge which she had thus gained, that she loved her father more than she had ever done, for having made her do what had

given her, and might still give her so much pleasure.

15. Mary's father as yet knew nothing of what she had done, and so took no notice of her. But one evening, a few days after this sad affair, he was reading in a room which opened into the garden.

16. Mary, no longer able to resist her wish to tell him how sorry she was, and what she had done, and would still do to please him, came behind him. Gently touching him, she let him know, that she was waiting to be again received as his favorite girl.

17. Mary was not long in telling her father, that she had resolved never more to offend him by being idle, and loving only trifles and playthings.

18. She then amused him by giving him an account of all the things she had read about, and which she was delighted to find were all true; and he told her many other stories of the same kind, with which she was greatly pleased.

19. From that time forth, little Mary was not only the favorite, but the companion of her father. They walked together constantly,

and she learned something from every thing she saw, and every day grew wiser and better.

EXERCISES.—How did Mary offend her father? How did she feel? What did she then do? How did her father treat her after this? What ought a good child to do with books?

LESSON XXXVII.

cheat	stud'ies	sev'en	re-pli'*ed*
break	pros'per	ŭn'ion	prop'er-ty
nerve	coun'try	in'jure	pow'er-ful
sticks	strain'*ed*	eas'i-er	quar'rel-ing
per'fect	them-selves'	un-ti'*ed*	pros'per-ous

THE SEVEN STICKS.

1. A MAN had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves.

2. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property, by making them quarrel about it.

3. The good old man, one day, called his sons around him.

4. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay

a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

5. Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long, but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

6. "And yet," said the father, "nothing is easier." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

7. "Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; any body could do it in that way."

8. Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together, you will prosper, and none can injure you.

9. "But if the bond of union be broken, it will happen to you as to these sticks, which lie here, broken, on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,
When by the powerful link of union bound.

EXERCISES.—What were these seven sons always doing? What were some bad men intending to do at the death of their father? What did their father lay before them and offer them? Could they break the bundle? How did he break the sticks? What did they say? What did their father reply? Repeat the lines at the close of the lesson.

ARTICULATION.

Sk.	ska,	ske,	ski,	sco,	scu,	skoi, skou.
	ask,	esc,	isc,	osk,	usk,	oisc, ousk.
	skill,	skate,	mask,	desk,	dusk.	

LESSON XXXVIII.

limbs	form'*ed*	grate'ful	vi'o-let
tongue	sup-ply'	prat'tling	va'ri-ous
pow'er	guard'ed	spark'ling	glo'ri-ous
beau'ty	brill'iant	beau'ti-ful	love'li-ness

SPELL AND DEFINE.

4. FRA'GRANT; sweet smelling.
4. PER'FUME; a sweet smell.
6. HOM'AGE; worship.
7. CLIME; country.

WHO MADE THE STARS?

1. "MOTHER, who made the stars, which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?"

2. "'T was God, my child, the Glorious One,
He formed them by his power;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.

3. "He made your little feet to walk;
Your sparkling eyes to see;
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
And limbs so light and free.

4. "He paints each fragrant flower that blows,
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

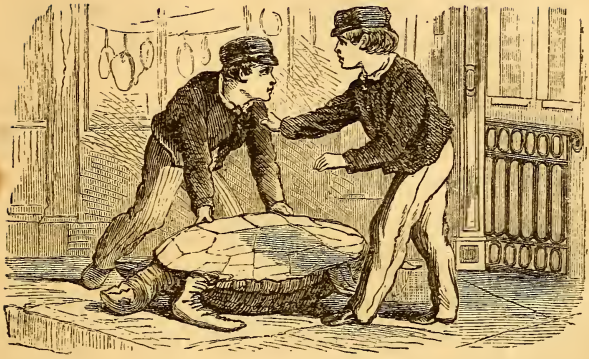
5. "Our various wants his hands supply;
He guides us every hour;
We 're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guarded by his power.

6. "Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To that kind Friend, who, from above,
Thus guides you every day.

7. "In all the changing scenes of time,
On him our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend."

EXERCISES.—What did God make? Who supplies our wants and guards us? How should we feel toward God? Will you state where the commas occur in this lesson? The semicolons? The periods? The marks for interrogation? The apostrophes?

LESSON XXXIX.



stretch tur'tle treat'ment an'i-mals
Rob'ert neith'er squeam'ish dif'fer-ence
be-sides' no'tions scram'bling re-mem'ber

THE TURTLE.

Samuel. Now, do not do that, Robert! Do turn him over!

Robert. For what? It does not hurt him to lie so.

Samuel. Does it not hurt him, Robert?

Robert. No, it does not. How can it?

Samuel. Why, if it did not hurt him, why should he stretch out his long neck,

and put out his legs, and make such a scrambling?

Robert. O, I suppose he does not like very well to lie on his back; but then it can not hurt him.

Samuel. But you do not mean to leave him so?

Robert. Yes, I do.

Samuel. O Robert! Now you know that would not be right.

Robert. What do you think I care about a turtle? Come, come, you little boys are always afraid of hurting something or somebody. You must get over these squeamish notions.

Samuel. Think, Robert. What if you were a turtle, and somebody should put you on your back, so that you could not turn over, and then go off and leave you?

Robert. Why, I am not a turtle, that is the difference.

Samuel. But suppose you were. Now tell me, would you like to be treated so?

Robert. If I were a turtle, I suppose I should not think much about it.

Samuel. But a turtle can feel. Besides, you say yourself, that you suppose he does

not like to lie so. Now tell me, would you like to be treated so?

Robert. I suppose I should not. You may go and turn him right side upward again, if you choose. I will not.

Samuel. But I am afraid to touch him.

Robert. Afraid to touch him? Why, he can not hurt you! What are you afraid of? Beside, you can take a stick. You need not touch him with your hand.

Samuel. I would rather you would do it.

Robert. Well, I 'll do it, just to please you. You are always so tender of every thing, that there 's no getting along with you.

Samuel. You know, Robert, that our parents and our teacher have always told us to treat others as we would wish to be treated, if we were in their place. And I am sure, if I were a turtle, I should not like it much, if some bad boy should put me on my back, and then go off and leave me so. Neither do I think you would.

I think we should remember the GOLDEN RULE, "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you," in our treatment of animals, as well as in our treatment of men.

LESSON XL.

friend	al-low′	old′est	neigh′bor
wheat	mon′ey	hunt′er	there′fore
brought	har′vest	hunt′ing	re-turn′ing

SPELL AND DEFINE.

2. Es′ti-mate; a value set. 3. Re-pay′; to pay back.

THE HONEST MAN.

1. A FARMER called, one day, upon a rich neighbor, who was very fond of hunting, and told him that his wheat had been so much cut up by the hunter's dogs, that, in some parts, there would be no crop.

2. "Well, my friend," said the hunter, "I know that we have often met in that wheat field. If you will give me an estimate of your loss, I will repay you."

3. The farmer said, that with the help of a friend, he had made an estimate. They thought that one hundred dollars would not more than repay him.

4. The hunter gave him the money. As the harvest came on, however, the farmer found, that the wheat in that place was the strongest and best in the field.

5. He called again, and said, "I have come about that wheat, of which I spoke to you some time since."

6. "Well, my friend," said the hunter, "did I not allow you enough for the loss?"

7. "O yes," said the farmer, "I find there will be no loss at all. Where the dogs most cut up the land, the crop is the best. I have therefore brought back the money."

8. "Ah," cried the hunter, "that is what I like. This is what ought to be between man and man."

9. He then went into another room, and returning, gave the farmer five hundred dollars.

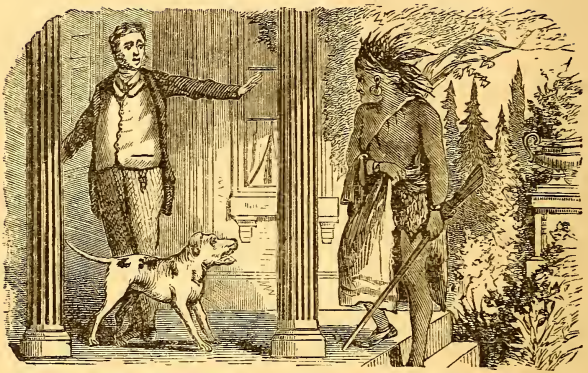
10. "Take care of this," said he, "and when your oldest son is twenty-one years old, give it to him, and tell him how it came into your hands."

EXERCISES.—What did the farmer tell the hunter? What did the hunter say? What did the hunter do? What did the farmer do when he found there would be no loss? What did the hunter say and do?

TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance that the pupil should understand thoroughly *all* that he reads. A spirit of inquiry should be encouraged; and questions, in addition to those given, should be often put by the teacher, to stimulate the mind of the learner.

LESSON XLI.



re-ply′	fu′ture	In′dian	ac-cept′ed
wea′ry	ask′*ed*	be-lieve′	pre-par′*ed*
fix′ing	thirst′y	in-quire′	gen′tle-man
ad-vice′	be-gone′	wel′come	wan′der-ing

THE INDIAN.

1. A GENTLEMAN was standing at his door, one evening, when an Indian came near, and asked for a drink of water.

2. The man said to him, "I have none for you. Begone, you Indian dog." After fixing his eyes on the man for a while, the Indian went his way.

3. Some time after, the man, who was very fond of hunting, went so far from home, that he was lost in the woods.

4. After wandering about for some time, he saw an Indian hut. He went to it, in order to inquire his way home.

5. The Indian, whom he found there, said, "The place of which you speak, is a long way off. You can not reach it to-night. But you are welcome to stay with me till morning."

6. The kind offer was gladly accepted. The Indian prepared some food for the man, and then spread some skins for him to sleep on, while he himself slept on the bare floor.

7. In the morning, the Indian led the man back to his path. When he had brought him near his home, the Indian stepped before him, and asked him if he knew him.

8. "I believe I have seen you," was the reply. "Yes," said the Indian, "you have seen me at your own door. I will now give you a piece of advice.

9. "If, in future, a poor Indian, who is hungry, and thirsty, and weary, should ask

you for a drink of water, do not say to him, 'Begone, you Indian dog.'"

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the Indian. What should we always return for evil? After what words are there commas in this lesson? Semicolons? Periods? Where are quotation marks?

ARTICULATION.

St.	sta,	ste,	sti,	sto,	stu,	stoi,	stou.
	ast,	est,	ist,	ost,	ust,	oist,	oust.
	stab,	gust,	steel,	rest,	must	brest	just.

LESSON XLII.

teach	err'ing	toil'ed	per-haps'
harsh	near'ly	gent'ly	care'-worn
grieve	de-part'	en-dure'	e-ter'ni-ty
a'ged	re-main'	drop'ped	un-kind'ness

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. MAR; injure; hurt.

2. AC'CENTS; language; tones.

SPEAK GENTLY.

1. SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

3. Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

4. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh word be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

5. Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
O win them back again.

6. Speak gently: 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

EXERCISES.—Why should we speak gently? Why to the little child? Why to the aged one? Why to the poor? Why to the erring?

LESSON XLIII.

grief	de-sire′	mar′ri-ed	the′a-ter
debts	de′cent	dread′ful	be-hav′ed
swears	be-ware′	shock′ing	hor′ri-bly
friends	sup′pers	drunk′ard	com′pa-ny

SPELL AND DEFINE.

9. TIP′PLER; one who habitually drinks spirituous liquors.

19. RE-PEL′; to resist; to oppose.

BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK.

1. "UNCLE Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

2. "Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

3. "Know him! Why, Uncle Philip, every body knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly, that no one can forget him."

4. "Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent, well-behaved boy among us.

5. "After he left school, his father died, and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.

6. "Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theater, to balls, and to suppers.

7. "He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

8. "He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

9. "He did come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past.

10. "For a time, things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.

11. "But one thing, boys, one single thing ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink.

12. "I remember he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'

13. "It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist his desire to drink.

14. "His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

15. "He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot, for whom no one cares.

16. "Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith has been found guilty of stealing, and sent to the state-prison for ten years.

17. "There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'

18. "Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is laid in the grave, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink! The man, who does this, will never be a drunkard!'"

19. We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,
Away, away the bowl!
The tippler's offer we repel,
Away, away the bowl!

EXERCISE.—Relate the story of Tom Smith.

ARTICULATION.

Tl.	tla,	tle,	tli,	tlo,	tlu,	tloi,	tlou.
Tr.	tra,	tre,	tri,	tro,	tru,	troi,	trou.
	trod,	trik,	trap,	trim,	trip,	tres,	trash

LESSON XLIV.

peace	dai'ly	fool'ish	in-dulg'ed
wakes	fee'ble	im-part'	for-get'ful
du'ty	use'ful	for-sake'	neg-lect'ful
vi'ces	pur-sue'	bless'ing	un-grate'ful

CHILDHOOD.

1. How can a child forgetful prove
Of all that wakes the heart to love,
And from the path of duty stray,
To spend his time in sport and play;
Neglectful of the blessing given,
That marks the path to peace and heaven?

2. O, how can I, who daily share
A mother's kind and tender care,
Be idle, and ungrateful, too;
Forsake the good, the bad pursue?

3. O, how can I such folly show
When faults indulged to vices grow,
Who know that they who study hate
Can ne'er be useful, wise, or great?

4. Dear mother, still be thou my guide,
Nor suffer me my faults to hide;
And, oh, may God his grace impart
To fix my feeble, foolish heart,
That I may wait the blessing given
Which marks the path to peace and heaven.

EXERCISES.—How should a child not spend his time? Why? Who is his best earthly friend? Why should he follow his mother's advice? To whom should he pray for help to do right?

LESSON XLV.

noise	ceas'*ed*	pow'er	o-bey'*ed*
al-low'	rous'*ed*	watch'es	o-bey'ing
own'er	tri'fling	whir'ring	re-solv'*ed*
a-larm'	rat'tling	con'science	faith'ful-ly

THE ALARM-WATCH.

1. A LADY, who found it not easy to wake in the morning, as early as she wished, bought an alarm-watch.

2. These watches are so made as to strike with a loud whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

3. The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed, and, at the right time, she found herself roused by the long, rattling sound.

4. She arose at once, and felt better all day for her early rising. This lasted for some weeks.

5. The alarm-watch faithfully did its duty, and was plainly heard so long as it was obeyed.

6. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising. When she was waked by the noise, she merely turned herself, and slept again.

7. In a few days, the watch ceased to rouse her from her sleep. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had been in the habit of not obeying it.

8. Finding that she might as well be without it, she resolved, that when she heard the sound, she would jump up.

9. Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its voice, even in the most trifling things, we always hear it, clear and strong.

10. But if we allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer power to wake us.

EXERCISES.—What is an alarm-watch? For what did this lady use it? Why did it at last cease to wake her? How does this resemble our conscience? What must we do then, if we would have a good conscience?

ARTICULATION.

Tw. twa, twe, twi, two, twu, twoi, twou.

Thw. thwa, thwe, thwi, thwo, thwu, thwoi, thwou.

LESSON XLVI.

gay'ly	hon'ey	re-joice'	show'er
in'sect	pru'dent	re-joic'es	wel'come
la'bors	skip'ping	cheer'ful	swim'ming

GET UP.

1. GET up, little sister; the morning is bright,
The birds are all singing to welcome the light:

The buds are all open; the dew 's on the flower:
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.

2. By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about, as they please.
And by those little rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

3. The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, prudent insect, work better than play.

4. The lark 's singing gayly; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices, that now the gay spring has begun:
The spring is so cheerful, I think 't would be wrong,
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

5. Get up; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and work like the bee.

EXERCISES.—What do we see and hear in a spring morning that is beautiful? (Let each pupil answer this question.) For what does God give us daylight?

LESSON XLVII.

gen'tle	sis'ter	an'gry	smil'ing
lov'ing	list'en	wan'der	stroll'ing
gath'er	ten'der	un-kind'	for-got'ten
sob'bed	broth'er	sum'mer	re-mem'ber
dar'ling	re-pli'ed	drench'ed	thor'ough-ly

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

1. A great many years ago, I knew a little boy and girl. They were brother and sister, and loved each other with a strong and tender love.

2. I saw them often, over their books, or at their play, or strolling, hand in hand, through the lanes and fields, always smiling and happy.

3. One day, when they had strayed farther away from home than usual, a heavy shower came on, and they both became thoroughly drenched with the rain.

4. The little girl took a severe cold. It seemed slight, at first; but she soon grew worse, became very ill, and lived but a few days.

5. They made her little grave in the edge of a grove, on the hill-side, where she and her brother often used to wander, to gather the wild flowers in spring, and listen to the songs of the birds.

6. After the first wild burst of grief was past, every day the little boy would steal away to his sister's grave, and sit down beside it, and moan and weep for hours.

7. One day, his mother asked him why he grieved so long and sorely. He replied, through his tears, "Because I did not love my sister more when she was alive.

8. "I was not always good to her, but would sometimes get angry, and was cross

and unkind." And he turned away, and wept and sobbed as though his heart would break.

9. Many, many years have passed since then. That boy is a man now, and far away from the little grave on the hill-side. But he has never forgotten his darling sister.

10. He often thinks of her, and still sadly grieves to remember that he was ever unkind to one so gentle and loving, whose life seemed as short and bright as a summer's day, and as sweet as the songs of the birds she loved so well.

EXERCISES.—Tell the story of the brother and sister, in your own words. What actions shall we remember with most pleasure when we are old? What actions will give us pain?

ARTICULATION.

Vd.	^{2}avd,	^{2}evd,	^{2}ivd,	^{2}ovd,	^{2}uvd,	oivd,	ouvd.
Vz.	^{2}avs,	^{2}evs,	^{2}ivs,	^{2}ovs,	^{2}uvs,	oivs,	ouvs.

TO TEACHERS.

It must be understood by the teacher, that the definitions given at the head of the lessons, are those which the words have in the connection in which they are used. These definitions may not always be found in the dictionary, but they are always derived from them, and are consistent with them.

LESSON XLVIII.

loft'y	in'sects	small'est	cre-a'ted
cat'tle	pleas'ant	glo'ri-ous	Cre-a'tor
im'age	thou'sand	beau'ti-ful	cre-a'tion

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

1. When we look on the pleasant earth, we behold the green grass and the gay flowers, the tall trees and the lofty hills. Between the hills rolls the bright river, and down their sides flow the clear streams.

2. If we raise our eyes when the sky is clear, we look through the light, thin air, up to the bright sun, that shines down upon our world to give it light.

3. These things were not always so. Many thousand years ago, there was no pleasant earth. Then the bright sun was not made. But the Great God lived then, and there never was a time when he did not live.

4. When the time came that the Creator was pleased to make this world, he made it all out of nothing. When first our world was created, it had nothing beautiful upon it; but all was dark and empty.

5. When God wanted light, he said, "Let there be light," and there was light. God made the air that spreads all around our earth. He made the grass, the lovely flowers, the useful herbs, and all the trees that bear the beautiful fruit.

6. After all these things were made, the earth was silent as the grave. There were no cattle to eat the grass, nor birds, nor the smallest insects to fly through the air.

7. When the fourth day came, he made the glorious sun to shine by day, and the moon and stars to shine by night. But there was not a man living on all the earth to behold them.

8. The next day came, and the waters brought forth fish, and the birds flew through the soft air, and sang among the trees.

9. On the sixth day, God created the beasts of the field. Last of all he made man in his own image, and breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

EXERCISES.—What do we see as we look around us? Were these always so? How long is it since the earth was made? By whom was the earth made? What was made on the fourth day? What on the fifth? What on the sixth? What was last made? Where do we find this history?

LESSON XLIX.

field	dai'sy	play'ful	ear'li-est
yield	dew'y	shin'ing	fa'vor-ite
grows	gold'en	foot'steps	joy'ous-ly
breaks	pray'er	blos'soms	but'ter-fly
springs	a-wakes'	dark'some	al-might'y
se-cure'	meek'est	them-selves'	cheer'ful-ly

THE DAISY.

1. THE daisy is the meekest flower,
That grows in wood or field;
To wind, and rain, and footsteps rude,
Its slender stem will yield.

2. And when it dies away, again
As cheerfully it springs,
As if a playful butterfly
Had bent it with its wings.

3. In spring it dots the green with white;
It blossoms all the year,
And so it is a favorite flower
To little children dear.

4. Before the stars are in the sky,
The daisy goes to rest,

And folds its little shining leaves
Upon its golden breast.

5. And so it sleeps in dewy night,
Until the morning breaks;
Then, with the song of earliest birds,
It joyously awakes.

6. And children, when they go to bed,
Should fold their hands in prayer,
And place themselves and all they love,
In God's almighty care.

7. Then, they may sleep, secure and still,
Through hours of darksome night,
And with the pretty daisy wake
In cheerful morning light.

EXERCISES.—What is this poetry about? What is said about the daisy? What does it do at night? What in the morning? What should children do when they go to bed? If they do this, who will take care of them?

ARTICULATION.

Shl.	shlă,	shlĕ,	shlĭ,	shlŏ,	shlŭ,	shlŏi,	shlou.
Shr.	shră,	shrĕ,	shrĭ,	shrŏ,	shrŭ,	shroi,	shrou.
Shw.	shwă,	shwĕ,	shwĭ,	shwŏ,	shwŭ,	shwoi,	shwou.

LESSON L.

view	spread	col'ors	val'ley
stalk	shăd'y	mod'est	hĭd'ing

SPELL AND DEFINE.

2. GRAC'ED; made beautiful.
3. TINTS; soft colors.
3. AR-RAY'ED; dressed.
4. HU-MIL'I-TY; lowliness of mind

THE VIOLET.

1. DOWN in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

2. And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

3. Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

4. Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

LESSON ON EMPHASIS.*

1. In reading and in talking, we always speak some words with more force than others. We do this, because the meaning of what we say depends most upon these words.

2. If I wish to know whether it is George or his brother who is sick, I speak the words *George* and *brother* with more force than the other words. I say, Is it *George* or his *brother* who is sick?

3. This greater force with which we speak the words, is called emphasis.

4. The words, upon which emphasis is put, are sometimes printed in slanting letters, called *Italics;* as, *George*, *brother*.

5. The words printed in Italics in the following questions and answers, should be read with more force than the other words, that is, with emphasis.

*To Teachers.—If the pupil has received proper oral instruction, he has been taught to *understand* what he has read, and has already acquired the *habit* of emphasizing words. He is now prepared for a more formal introduction to the subject of emphasis, and for more particular attention to its first principles. This lesson, and the examples given, should be repeatedly practiced.

6. Did *you* ride to town yesterday? No, my *brother* did.

7. Did you *ride* to town yesterday? No, I *walked*.

8. Did you ride to *town* yesterday? No, I went into the *country*.

9. Did you ride to town *yesterday?* No, I went the day *before*.

10. Have you seen *James* or *John* lately? I have seen *James*, but not *John*.

11. Did you say there were *four* eggs in the nest, or *three?* There were only *three* eggs, not *four*.

12. Were the eggs *white* or *blue?* The eggs were *white*, not *blue*.

13. Had the boy a *hat* on his head or a *cap?* He had a *cap* on, not a *hat*.

14. In some of the lessons which follow, a *few* of the words upon which emphasis should be placed, are printed in Italic letters, though by no means all of them.

15. We must not forget, however, that it is by the *meaning*, we are to find out upon which words emphasis is to be put.

THE TEACHER should explain to the pupil, that *Italics* are used for other purposes, though most frequently for emphasis, and that Capitals are also sometimes used to denote emphatic words.

LESSON LI.

thief	peo'ple	neigh'bor	vi'o-lent
Pil'fer	larg'est	guard'ing	hon'es-ty
bri'dle	faith'ful	break'fast	or'an-ges
slip'ped	step'ped	sprawl'ing	re-ceiv'ed
re-store'	prom'ise	re-ward'ed	hap'pen-ed

THE TEACHER will observe, that in this, and in some of the following lessons, a *few* of the emphatic words are in *Italics*, though by no means *all* of them.

HONESTY REWARDED.

1. CHARLES was an honest boy, but his neighbor, Jack Pilfer, was a *thief*. Charles would never take any thing which did not *belong* to him. But Jack would take whatever he could *get*, and when he found what was *lost*, he would never *restore* it.

2. One summer's morning, as Charles was going to school, he met a man by the public-house, who had oranges to sell. The man wished to stop and get his breakfast, and asked Charles if he would hold his horse while he went into the house.

3. But he first asked the landlord, if he knew Charles to be an honest boy, as he would not like to trust his oranges with him, if he was *not*.

4. "Yes," said the landlord; "I have known Charles all his life, and have never known him to *lie* or *steal*. All the neighbors know him to be an honest boy, and I will promise that your oranges will be as safe with *him* as with *yourself*."

5. The orange-man then put the bridle into Charles's hand, and went into the house to eat his breakfast.

6. Very soon Jack Pilfer came along the road, and seeing Charles holding the horse, he asked him whose horse he had there, and what was in the baskets on the horse. Charles told him that the owner of the horse was in the house, and there were oranges in the baskets.

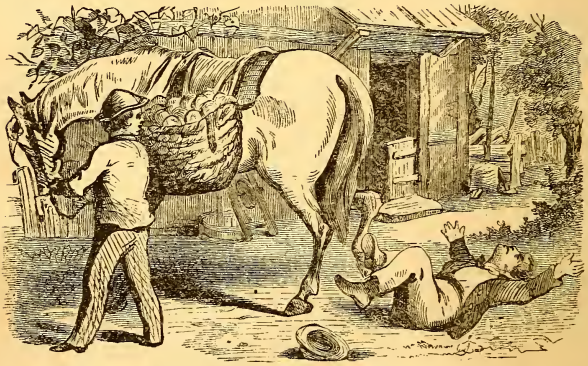
7. As soon as Jack found there were oranges in the baskets, he resolved to have one. Going up to the basket, he slipped in his hand, and took out one of the largest, and was going away with it.

8. But Charles said, "Jack, you shall not steal these oranges, while *I* have care of them. So you may just put that one back into the basket."

9. "Not I," said Jack, "as I am the *largest*, I shall do as I please." But Charles

was not afraid of him, and taking the orange out of his hand, he threw it back.

10. Jack then turned to go round to the other side, and take one from the *other* basket. But as he stepped too near the horse's heels, he received a violent kick, which sent him sprawling to the ground.



11. His cries soon brought out the people from the house, and when they learned what had happened, they said that Jack was *rightly served.*

12. The orange-man, taking Charles's hat, filled it with oranges, and said, as he had been so faithful in *guarding* them, he should have all these for his *honesty.*

EXERCISES.—Relate this story. How can boys secure a good name? What advantage is there in having one?

LESSON LII.

wrens	rob'ins	naught'y	de-stroy'
bri'ers	load'ed	mis'chief	bleat'ing
fly'ing	beau'ty	shear'ing	en-joy'ed
lin'nets	this'tles	shep'herd	en-tire'ly
coun'try	driv'ing	our-selves'	ad-mir'ing

EVERY THING FOR THE BEST.

1. TOWARD the evening of a fine summer's day, a gentleman, who lived in the country, took his son William with him to the top of a hill near by.

2. While they were admiring the beauty of the setting sun, which made every thing around them look bright and happy, they saw a shepherd driving his flock, and heard the bleating of the playful lambs.

3. The sides of the road were lined with thorn-bushes and thistles, and the sheep, rubbing against them, lost some of their wool. This troubled little William.

4. "See, father," he said; "see how the naughty thorns steal the wool from the sheep. Why does God, who is so *good*, let the thorns grow to do such *mischief*?

5. "Why do not men *destroy* every one of them? Poor sheep! To-morrow morning, I will come with my knife, and cut down all these bushes. Will you not come and help me, father?"

6. "I will see about it," said his father. "But why are you so angry with the briers and thorns? Do you not know that *we ourselves* rob the sheep by shearing them? Instead of taking a few pieces of wool, we take the *whole coat.*"

7. "True," replied William, "but we *need* it to make our clothes; and it grows all the better after being cut off.

8. "Besides, I have heard you say, that sheep always shed their wool in summer; and it is surely better that we should cut it off, and make some *use* of it, than that it should be entirely *lost.*

9. "But these *thorns* do not *need* the wool. They rob the sheep of wool which is of no use to them, nor to any body. Will you, father, come with me to-morrow morning, and help me cut them down?"

10. "Perhaps I will," said his father. "We will take a walk at break of day, and then we will see about it."

11. William, who thought himself a great hero, because he was going to destroy the bushes, could hardly sleep, so much did he think of it. He waked his father with the first song of the birds.

12. Both of them enjoyed the clear air, and the glory of the rising sun, and went along singing merrily, until they came to the foot of the hill William was running to the bushes, with his knife in his hand, to cut them down, when his father called to him to stop.

13. A great number of birds were flying round the thorns, and his father told William to watch and see what they came there for. He soon saw that each bird carried away a piece of the wool from the briers. Wrens, linnets, and robins, all went away loaded.

14. "You now see," said his father, "that God takes care of every thing. The thorns which you thought did nothing but *mischief*, furnish these pretty birds with wool to line their nests.

15. "The sheep do not miss these few locks of wool, and the birds are made rich and happy by them. And does my boy now wish to cut down the thorn-bushes?"

16. "O no!" said William, "I now see I was too hasty. God is wise and good, and has made *every thing* for the *best*."

EXERCISES.—What did William think about the sheep? What did his father show him? What did William conclude?

ARTICULATION.

Tsh (ch). cha, che, chi, cho, chu, choi, chou.
child, choke, chat, chill, chum, chin, chip.

LESSON LIII.

brief	hon'ey	blos'som	or'chard
mayst	soar'ing	bleat'ing	vi'o-lets
sun'ny	wait'ing	bless'ing	flow'er-y
maid'en	sur-round'	hum'ming	but'ter-fly

SPELL AND DEFINE.

4. COW'SLIP; a kind of flower.
4. PRIM'ROSE; an early flower.
5. CAW'ING; crying "caw."
5. ROOK; a kind of bird.

SPRING.

1. "SPRING, where are you waiting now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

2. "I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower, and with the leaf:
Till I come the time is brief.

3. "I am coming, I am coming:
Hark! the little bee is humming:
See! the lark is soaring high,
In the bright and sunny sky;
All the birds are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring.

4. "See! the yellow cowslips cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks of green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their modest leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

5. "Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd,
All the birds are singing loud,
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

6. "Little maiden, look around thee,
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

7. "Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven;
God for thee the spring has given;
So mayst thou mid blessings dwell;
Little maiden, fare thee well."

EXERCISES.—Will you mention some of the signs that spring is coming? Who has ordered all these things so beautifully?

LESSON LIV.

ought	cow'ard	schol'ars	try'ing
whack	teach'er	laugh'ing	re'al-ly
spir'it	cour'age	whip'ping	dis-lik'ed
trou'ble	sup-pose	snow'-balls	heart'i-ly

TRUE COURAGE.

1. ONE cold winter's day, three boys were passing by a school-house. The *oldest* was a bad boy, always in trouble himself, and

trying to get others into trouble. The *youngest*, whose name was George, was a very good boy.

2. George wished to do right, but was very much wanting in courage. The other boys were named Henry and James. As they walked along, they talked as follows:

3. *Henry.* What fun it would be to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door, and make the teacher and scholars all jump!

4. *James. You* would jump, if you should. If the teacher did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping then; and that would make *you* jump higher than the scholars, I think.

5. *Henry.* Why, we could get so far off, before the teacher could come to the door, that he could not tell who we are. Here is a snow-ball just as hard as ice, and George would as soon throw it against the door as not.

6. *James.* Give it to him and see. He would not dare to throw it against the door.

7. *Henry.* Do you think George is a *coward?* You do not know him as well as *I* do! Here, George take this snow-ball,

and show James that you are not such a *coward* as he thinks you are.

8. *George.* I am not *afraid* to throw it; but I do not *want* to. I do not see that it will do any *good*, or that there will be any *fun* in it.

9. *James.* There! I *told* you he would not dare to throw it.

10. *Henry.* Why, George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear any thing. Come, save your credit, and throw it. I know you are not afraid to.

11. *George.* Well, I am not afraid to throw. Give me the snow-ball. I would as soon throw it as *not.*

12. Whack! went the snow-ball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily as he could, to think what a fool he had made of George.

13. George had a whipping for his folly, as he ought to have had. He was such a *coward*, that he was afraid of being *called* a coward. He did not *dare* to refuse to do as Henry told him, for fear that he would be *laughed* at.

14. If he had been *really* a brave boy, he

would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am so foolish as to throw that snow-ball, just because you want to have me? You may throw your *own* snow-balls, if you please!"

15. Henry would, perhaps, have tried to laugh at him. He would have called him a coward, hoping in this way to lead him to do as he wished.

16. But George would have said, "Do you think that I *care* for your laughing? I do not think it *right* to throw the snow-ball. I will not do that which I think to be *wrong*, if the *whole town* should join with you in laughing."

17. This would have been *real courage.* Henry would have seen, at once, that it

would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. You must have this fearless spirit, or you will get into trouble, and will be, and ought to be, disliked by all.

EXERCISES.—What did Henry think would be fun? How did the boys try to persuade George to throw the ball? Did George show any courage in throwing it? What would have been true courage?

ARTICULATION.

Zm.	azm,	ezm,	izm,	ozm,	uzm,	oizm,	ouzm.
Zn.	azn,	ezn,	izn,	ozn,	uzn,	oizn,	ouzn.

LESSON LV.

wrong	caus'es	con-ceal'	i'dle-ness
loi'ter	wick'ed	tempt'ed	cow'ard-ly
urg'ed	troub'le	mis'chief	in-ter-rupt'
a-void'	whis'per	false'hood	re-mem'ber

WHEN TO SAY NO.

1. THOUGH "*No*" is a very *little* word, it is not always *easy* to say it, and the not doing so, often causes *trouble*.

2. When we are asked to stay away from school, and spend, in *idleness* or *mischief*, the time which ought to be spent in *study*, we should at once say "No."

3. When we are urged to loiter on our way to school, and thus be *late*, and interrupt our teacher and the school, we should say "No."

4. When some school-mate wishes us to *whisper* or *play* in the school-room, we should say "No."

5. When we are tempted to use angry or wicked words, we should remember that the eye of God is always upon us, and should say "No."

6. When we have done any thing wrong, and are tempted to conceal it by *falsehood*, we should say "No, we can not tell a lie; it is wicked and cowardly."

7. If we are asked to do any thing which we know to be wrong, we should not fear to say "No."

8. If we thus learn to say "No," we shall avoid much trouble, and be always safe.

EXERCISES.—Is it always easy to say "No"? When should we do so? What will be the advantage of doing it?

LESSON LVI.

serve	friend	de-pend′	what-ev′er
praise	list′en	seem′eth	o-be′di-ent

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. Con-de-scend′; to yield. 2. Im-per′fect; having faults.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. Great God, and wilt thou condescend,
To be my Father and my **Friend?**
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2. Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or stoop to listen to the praise,
That such a little child can raise?

3. Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient, child to thee,
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4. Art thou my Father? I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5. Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

EXERCISES.—Who is our Father and Friend? How should we feel toward him? If we love and obey him, where will He take us?

ARTICULATION.

Sound the letter *r* distinctly.

R. thral[2], threl[2], thril[2], throl[2], thrul[2], throil, throul.
thred[2], three[1], thru[1], thrum[2], thrash[2], thrive[1], throng[2].

LESSON LVII.

dai'ly	for-give'	por'tion	weak'ness
hum'ble	par'dons	king'dom	temp-ta'tion

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. HAL'LOW; to keep sacred. 2. TRANS-GRES'SIONS; sins.
1. BOUN'TY; giving freely. 2. COM-PAS'SION; pity.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same;

O, give to us daily,
Our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty,
That all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion,
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever: Amen!

LESSON LVIII.

this'tle	vine'yard	in-struc'tion
com-plain'	pov'er-ty	con-sid'er-*ed*
shoul'ders	trav'el-eth	un-der-stand'ing

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. VOID; empty; without.
4. SLUG'GARD; a lazy person.
4. CON-SID'ER; to think of.
4. PRO-VID'ETH; lays up for use.
4. O-VER-SEER'; one who takes care of another.

THE SLUGGARD.

1. I WENT by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of

understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns.

2. Nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.

3. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction.

4. Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise. She, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

5. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

6. Yet a little sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man.

7. 'T is the voice of the sluggard: I hear
him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his
bed,
Turns his side and his shoulders, his feet
and his head.

8. "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about idly, or trifling he stands.

9. I passed by his garden, I saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money he wastes, till he starves or he begs.

ARTICULATION.

The sound of *ng* is often incorrectly or indistinctly articulated.

Ng. sing, fang, lung, sting, bring, twang.
strong, slung, string, fling, flung, swing.

LESSON LIX.

dumb	rea′son	mur′mur	el′e-phant
whale	war′ble	crawl′eth	re-main′eth
tongue	peb′bles	com-mand′	ex-ceed′ing-ly

LET US PRAISE GOD.

1. Come, let us praise God, for he is exceedingly great. Let us bless God, for he is very good.

2. He made all things; the sun to rule the day, and the moon to shine by night. He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth upon the ground.

3. The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade. The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur among the smooth pebbles.

4. I will praise God with my voice; for I may praise him, though I am but a child. A few years ago, and I was but an infant, and my tongue was dumb in my mouth.

5. I did not know the great name of God, for my reason had not come unto me. But I can now speak, and my tongue shall praise him. I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

6. Let him call me, and I will come unto him. Let him command, and I will obey him. When I am older, I will praise him better. I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

7. The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hands are the deep places of the earth. The strength of the hills is his also.

8. The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land.

9. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our maker.

10. I love the Lord, my strength. I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.

EXERCISES.—Why should we praise God? What has he made? What has he done for us? Will God listen to the praises of children?

LESSON LX.

light	la'bor	Sav'ior	soft'ly
sight	suf'fer	per'fect	wis'dom
fades	sor'row	sweet'ly	for-ev'er

SPELL AND DEFINE.

3. COUN'SEL; advice. 4. SA'CRED; holy; divine.

EVENING.

1. SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would draw near to thee.

2. Soon for us, the light of day
Will forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

3. Keep me, Savior, near thy side,
Let thy counsel be my guide;
Never let me from thee rove,
Sweetly draw me by thy love.

4. Sacred wisdom, be my guide,
Suffer not my feet to slide;
Or, from thine all perfect way,
In the path of sin to stray.

ARTICULATION.

R. grab, grub, drab, drub, driv, drov.

Ng. morning, singing, bringing, swinging, hanging.
stringing, springing, flinging, clanging, slinging.

LESSON LXI.

hoes	ap'ples	bel'lows	ham'mers
lambs	smok'y	rib'bons	horse'shoes
planes	Al'bert	or'chard	black'smith
Charles	chis'els	peach'es	O-hi'o
ax'es	shov'els	chick'ens	pret'ti-ly
an'vil	be-come'	shav'ings	car'pen-ter

THE CHOICE.

1. CHARLES, and George, and Albert lived in a pleasant village in Ohio. Charles was ten years old, George nine, and Albert seven. "What will *you* be, when you become a man?" said George to Charles.

2. "*I*," said George, "will be a blacksmith. I will have a nice shop, and an anvil, and hammers, and a great pair of bellows. I will kindle up the fire, and

blow away, and make the sparks fly so prettily.

3. "I will make axes, and hoes, and shovels, and chains, and horseshoes, and a great many other things."

4. Charles said, "I will be a carpenter, and build houses, and make doors and windows, and things of that kind. I will have planes, and chisels, and saws.

5. "I like to work in wood, and make beautiful, clean, long shavings, almost as fine as ribbons. *My* shop will not look so black and smoky as yours, brother George."

6. Little Albert said he would like to be a farmer. "I will rise early on the spring mornings," said he, "and go out to hear the birds sing, and to see the grass grow, and look so bright and green.

7. "When I have fed the cows, and horses, and sheep, and eaten my breakfast, I will go out to plow, or reap, or mow, in the bright sunshine; while *you*, Charles and George, will be shut up in your little shops, full of smoke and dust.

8. "And then I shall have such fine fruit! O, there will be no end to the apples, and peaches, and pears, and plums

which I shall have in my orchard! I shall have chickens, and pigs, and lambs; and a nice little pony to ride on. O, I'll be a farmer, I'll be a farmer!"

EXERCISES.—What did George say he would be? What would he have? What would he do? What did Charles say? What did Albert say he would like to be? What would he do? What would he have?

LESSON LXII.

crack	ex-cuse′	er′rands	o-blig′ed
ras′cal	for-give′	fright′en	in′no-cent
try′ing	writ′ten	daugh′ter	car′riag-es
hon′est	serv′ant	coach′man	per-mis′sion
de-serve′	beg′ging	dis-miss′ed	cer-tif′i-cate

MR. JAMES AND HIS COACHMAN.

Lucy. HERE is John, father, who wishes to speak with you.

John. Mr. James, I have come to see you without your leave, and hope you will not be *angry* with me. You have been so kind to me lately, that I have come, although you told me when I was dismissed, that you would never see me *again.*

Mr. James. Well, John, and what have you *come* for? Do you wish to have your old *place* again?

John. O no! I did not think of *that*, sir. But I wish to thank you for your kind present, and to ask you for a certificate that I am *honest*, as I can not get a place without one.

Mr. James. So, so; and do you think I would send you to other people, to break *their* carriages, as you did *mine?*

John. Do not be angry, Mr. James. I would rather beg *again*, than hear you speak so harshly to me.

Mr. James. Beg *again?* What do you mean by that, John? Have you been obliged to *beg*, since you went away from me?

John. Why, sir, you know I could not *steal;* and as I could not *earn* any money, you know that *begging* is far better than *starving.*

Mr. James. Begging, John, begging? And why did you not come to your old master for something to support you with, till you could find some work to do? You deserve to starve for not coming to me at once.

John. But, Mr. James, I was *afraid* to come, till Charles brought me the money which you sent, for fear you might still be *angry* with me.

Lucy. There, father, you *see* what became of Charles's money. I knew he was not a rascal, as you call him. Tell us all about it, John, for I want to hear the whole story.

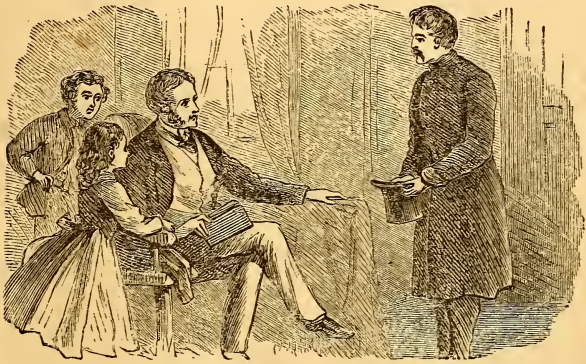
Mr. James. I never sent you any money by Charles, John. What do you mean?

John. Surely, you forget, sir. Charles gave it to me himself, and said he had it from his uncle. It was a week ago to-day that he gave it to me, and I have some of it left now. Here it is, sir.

Mr. James. Where were you, John? And how was it?

John. I was in town, sir. I had earned some money that day, by doing some errands. My little daughter Anne had been begging, when Charles saw her and gave her some cakes, and told her to find me. He came to me in the next street, where I was drinking some water, for it was very hot, and gave me all the change he had with him. He said he would give

me some more from you, if I would come to his school. The next week I went there, and Charles gave me some money, and told me he had it from you.



Mr. James. But I never did send you money, though I ought not to have treated an old servant as I did, when I sent you off. And now you may become my coachman again. But you must not let Charles crack the whip, and frighten my horses again.

John. God bless you, sir. But here comes Charles, now.

Lucy. I am so glad that Charles is proved innocent, and has not spent his money so foolishly, as his teacher thought he had.

Charles. How do you do, uncle?

Mr. James. Come here, sir! Do you know that your teacher has written about you?

Charles. Yes, sir; for he showed me his letter, and it was all *true.* I *did* sell my watch, and I *did* sleep out of doors all night. But I sold it for money to give to John. And I slept out of doors all night, because I was late, trying to find him, and could not get home, before the door was locked.

Mr. James. But you should not have gone without *leave.*

Charles. I did not do so, sir. Here is the written permission he gave me.

Mr. James. But you did not tell him why you went, did you?

Charles. No, sir; for I should also have been obliged to tell him that you had turned John away. I thought you would not like *that*, dear uncle.

Lucy. There, father! Did I not say that Charles was the best boy you had, and could not be so bad as you thought?

John. Indeed, sir, he is a good boy, and very kind has he been to me.

Mr. James. I am afraid all this praise

will make you *vain*, Charles. You were not quite right in all you did, but I forgive you all the wrong. Your wish to do good must excuse you. Another time, my dear boy, learn not to be so rash.

EXERCISES.—Why had Mr. James dismissed John? Who had helped John while he was without work? How had Charles assisted John? What did Lucy say of Charles? What did Mr. James do at last? What did he tell Charles?

LESSON LXIII.

least	i'dly	squir'rel	run'ning
peeps	rob'in	fresh'ness	trav'el-er
stream	ful-fill'	bless'ings	heav'en-ly
glid'ing	wis'dom	green'wood	cheer'ful-ness

SPELL AND DEFINE.

2. MOSS'Y; full of moss.
6. PEB'BLY; full of little stones.
6. VER'DANT; green.
7. PRO-FUSE'; plentiful.

ALL MUST WORK.

THE CHILD.

1. STOP, little stream, and tell me why
Thou art running on so fast,
Forever gliding swiftly by,
And yet art never past!

2. Thou must be very happy here,
With nothing else to do,
But running by these mossy banks,
Beneath the greenwood, too.

3. The pretty robin sings to thee
His cheerful morning song;
Amid the leaves the squirrel peeps,
And frolics all day long.

THE STREAM.

4. 'T is true, I've squirrels, birds, and flowers,
To cheer me on my way;
And very pleasant is my lot,
But still I must not stay.

5. Like truth, I have my work to do,
My errand to fulfill;
I cool the weary traveler's lips,
And help the sea to fill.

6. If I should stop, and idly lie
Upon my pebbly bed,
Soon all my freshness would be gone,
My verdant banks be dead.

7. Our heavenly Father gives to all
His blessings most profuse;
And not the least, in wisdom gives
The kindly law of use.

8. So, little child, your duty do
In cheerfulness all day;
And you, like me, shall soon be blest
With flowers upon your way.

EXERCISES.—What does the child say to the stream? What does the stream reply? If we do our duty, what reward shall we have?

ARTICULATION.

Bs, Bst, Bd.

Dabs,	dabst,	dabd:	blabs,	blabst,	blabd.
Stabs,	stabst,	stabd:	nabs,	nabst,	nabd.
Throbs,	throbst,	throbd:	sobs,	sobst,	sobd.

LESSON LXIV.

shawl	dis-tress′	Char′lotte	fa′vor-ite
bis′cuit	draw′ers	Fred′er-ic	earn′est-ly
de-light′	beau′ties	play′ful-ly	coax′ing-ly
re-ward′	strug′gle	an′swer-*e*d	thought′ful-ly

SPELL AND DEFINE.

7. CRIM′SON; a deep red.

14. AT-TIR′ED; dressed.

THE LAST TWO APPLES.

1. "LOOK!" said Lucy to her brother and sister, as she held up an apple in each hand, "look, and see what I have! Mother

gave them to me. They are such beautiful rosy apples!"

2. "What *beauties!*" said Charlotte. "*I* am fond of apples, *too*, but nobody has given *me* one." "And *I, too*," said Frederic, "have often teased mother for one of those fine apples, but she would not let me have it.

3. "She said there were only *two* left, and she must keep them for *Lucy*. So you have them *both*, and Charlotte and I have *none*."

4. "But can not mother give you some more apples?" asked Lucy, thoughtfully. "No, dear," replied Charlotte, "she has no more apples."

5. Little Lucy looked very grave, and was silent. She wanted her brother and sister to have some apples, but then she loved them dearly herself. It was a hard struggle.

6. After looking at her brother and sister by turns, for some time, her little cheeks glowing with blushes, she said, once more, very earnestly: "Has mother really got no more apples *at all?*" "Not *one*," answered Frederic. "I saw the basket, and there were only those two in it."

7. Lucy was again silent. Her face was crimson, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Would you like to have my apples?" asked she, in sad distress.

8. The tender-hearted Charlotte would have said "No." But Frederic playfully stopped her mouth with his hand, before she could utter the word. "If we *did*, you surely would not *give* them to us?" said he.

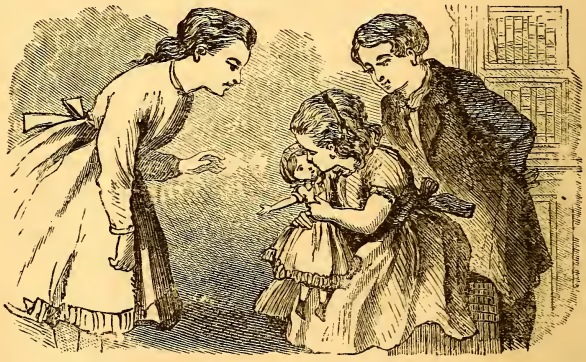
9. "Yes, I will," said the little girl, holding one in each hand, while she hid her head in her sister's lap, to conceal her tears. But Charlotte pressed her to her bosom, and Frederic kissed her.

10. "No, dear sister," said they, "we would not rob you of your apples for any thing. But you are a good and kind girl."

11. Lucy, however, would not take back the apples. "No, no," said she, "you must keep them. I do not want them at all, now." The brother and sister still refused.

12. But their mother, coming into the room at that moment, said, "Do, my children, keep *one*, and divide it between you. I am glad to see that Lucy is not *selfish;* for we know that she loves a nice apple better than any thing else. If she will part with *that*, there is *nothing* that she will not part with."

13. Soon after they had eaten their apples, Charlotte went into a room, where she had a chest of drawers, in which she kept her clothes and books, and playthings of all sorts. Among her pretty things, there was a large and beautiful doll, which she had dressed in new clothes.



14. This had always been Charlotte's favorite doll. She washed her frocks with her own hands, and kept her at all times neatly and nicely attired.

15. She now brought the doll into the room, where Frederic and Lucy were; and the little girl instantly fixed her eyes upon it. "O, there is Rosa!" she cried, for that was the doll's name. "How pretty she looks! She has a new bonnet, too!"

16. Lucy looked at the fine, dashing doll, with inward delight. "O, what pretty shoes, and what a beautiful shawl! Do, Charlotte, let me have her a little while. I will not let her fall."

17. "No, Lucy dear, I can not lend Rosa to any one now." "O, do," said the little one, coaxingly; "only a very little while; do, dear Charlotte, I will not hurt her."

18. "But I must not lend her," answered the sister; "for she is no longer *mine*." "Not *yours*?" cried Lucy with surprise. "Whose is she, then?" "*Yours*, Lucy, *yours*," said Charlotte; "she has been yours, ever since you gave me your apple."

19. At first, Lucy could not understand how the doll came to be *hers*. But when Charlotte had explained it all to her, she skipped about the room in great glee, kissing first her sister, then her brother, and then her doll. "Rosa is *mine!*" she said with joy to every one. "Charlotte has *given* her to me."

20. Nor was this all her reward for being so kind. It was winter time, and apples were very scarce. But Frederic, knowing how much Lucy loved them, sought every-

where, till he found a shop where they were still to be had.

21. But they were very dear, and his purse was empty; and yet, every day, on his return from school, he brought Lucy an apple.

22. "Where did he get the apples?" you ask. I will tell you. He was allowed one or two cents, every day, to buy a biscuit or two. The kind brother, instead of using all his cents for something to *eat*, laid out a part of his money in *apples*.

23. So long as they were to be had, he did not fail to bring one home, every day, to the sweet, kind, and loving Lucy.

24. The good and the kind,
Find flowers in their path ever springing,
And angels around ever singing.

EXERCISES.—What did Lucy's mother give her? What did her brother and sister say? What hard struggle did Lucy have? What did she conclude to do, at last? How did Charlotte reward her? How did Frederic reward her? Did she not have a greater reward than either of these within herself?

What words are marked as emphatic in this lesson? Mention some of the words that are emphatic, but not marked as such. Point out six commas in this lesson, by telling after what words they come. Point out six periods. Six quotation marks. Six marks for interrogation.

ARTICULATION.

		Bs,	Bst,	Bd.			
Dubs,	dubst,	dubd:	rubs,	rubst,	rubd.
Clubs,	clubst,	clubd:	snubs,	snubst,	snubd.
Grubs,	grubst,	grubd:	stubs,	stubst,	stubd.

LESSON LXV.

search	pub'lic	roast'ed	la'bor-er
sly'ly	try'ing	com'ing	sea'son-*ed*
slic'*ed*	bar'ley	trudg'*ed*	gal'lant-ly
fin'ish	on'ions	hop'ping	con-tent'ed
ra'ven	stew'*ed*	dis'tance	dif'fer-ence

THE CONTENTED MAN.

1. A POOR laborer, named Robert, was going home, after a hard day's work, with a basket in his hand.

2. "What a fine supper I shall have!" said he to himself. "This piece of meat well stewed, and my onions sliced, and the broth thickened with my meal, and seasoned with the salt and pepper, will make a dish good enough for a *king*. Then, I have a piece of

barley bread at home, to finish off with! How I long to be at it!"

3. At this moment, he heard a noise at the road-side. Looking up, he saw a squirrel run up a tree, and creep into a hole among the branches.

4. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels would be for my sick neighbor. I 'll try if I can get it." So he put down his basket, and began to climb the tree.

5. He had got partly up, when looking at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, trying to get at his piece of meat.

6. Robert slipped down as quickly as he could, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. "Well," said he, "I must be contented with *plain* soup, which is not bad, after all."

7. He walked on, and came to a little public-house by the road-side, where a friend of his was sitting on a bench. Robert put down his basket, and took a seat by his friend.

8. A tame *raven*, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and hopping on the basket, stole away the little bag in

which his *meal* was tied up, and went off with it to his hole.

9. Robert did not miss the meal, until he had gone some distance. He went back to search for the bag, but could hear nothing of it. "Well," said he, "my soup will be *thinner* for want of the meal. But I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do *some* good, at least."

10. He went on again, and came to a little brook, over which a narrow plank was laid. A young woman, coming up to pass over at the same time, Robert gallantly offered her his hand.

11. As soon as she reached the middle of the plank, she cried out that she was *falling*. Robert, in trying to support her with his *other* arm, let his basket drop into the stream.

12. As soon as she was safely over, he jumped into the brook, and got his basket. But when he came ashore, he found that the *salt* was all melted, and the *pepper* washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions.

13. "Well," said Robert, "then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley

bread. Last night, I had nothing *but* bread. It will make no difference with me *to-morrow*, *what* I have had to-day." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

EXERCISES.—Will you relate this story? How did Robert console himself at last? What does a comma denote? A semicolon? A colon? A period?

LESSON LXVI.

whir	dai'sies	ān'cient	breast'ed
rooks	rab'bits	squir'rel	ea'ger-ly
hedge	fear'less	swal'lows	pret'ti-er
bridge	speck'led	mead'ows	wa'ter-mill
rāc'ing	dāz'zling	wood' side	wall'-flow-er

SPELL AND DEFINE.

4. MOLD'ER-ING; turning to dust. 7. PHEAS'ANT; a kind of bird.

THE SPRING WALK.

1. WE had a pleasant walk to-day,
Over the meadows and far away;
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the green wood-side, and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I will tell you what we saw to-day.

2. Amid a hedge, where the first fresh leaves
Were peeping forth, so green and sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

3. Where daisies opened to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly;
We never saw a prettier sight.

4. We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
Upon a moldering castle wall;
And then we watched the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm-trees tall.

5. And leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below, we saw our shadows lie;
And through the gloomy arches watched
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

6. We heard the speckled-breasted lark,
   As it sang somewhere out of sight;
   And tried to find it, but the sky
   Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

7. We saw young rabbits near the wood,
   We heard a pheasant's wings go "whir;"
   And then we saw a squirrel leap
   From an old oak-tree to a fir.

8. Were I to tell you all we saw,
   I'm sure that it would take me hours;
   For hill and meadow were alive
   With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

EXERCISES.—Where was the walk described taken? What did they see amid the hedge? What in the broad meadow? What on the castle wall? What from the stone bridge? What did they hear there? What did they see near the wood?

ARTICULATION.

		Ds,	Dst.		
^{2}Gads,	^{2}gadst:	^{2}adds,	^{2}addst:	^{2}mads,	^{2}madst.
^{1}Breeds,	^{1}breedst:	^{1}heeds,	^{1}heedst:	^{1}speeds,	^{1}speedst.
^{1}Needs,	^{1}needst:	^{1}weeds,	^{1}weedst:	^{1}pleeds,	^{1}pleedst.

LESSON LXVII.

caught	seiz′*ed*	cham′ber	in-sult′ed
guilt′y	skulk′*ed*	ap-proach′	Car′o-line
rare′ly	car′riage	o-bey′*ed*	dis-miss′*ed*
par′lor	wel′come	en-tire′ly	shame′ful-ly
an-noy′	sur-prise′	in′so-lent	ŭs′u-al-ly

THE INSOLENT BOY.

1. JAMES SELTON was one of the most insolent boys in the village where he lived. He would rarely pass people in the street, without being guilty of some sort of abuse.

2. If a person were well dressed, he would cry out "Dandy!" If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw *stones* at him, and annoy him in every way he *could*.

3. One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed, a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a cane in his hand, on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat.

4. No sooner did James see the stranger, than he winked to his playmates, and said, "Now for some fun!" He then silently went

toward the stranger from behind, and knocking off his hat, ran away.

5. The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat, and went on his way. Again did James approach; but this time, the man caught him by the arm, and held him fast.

6. However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty boy find himself free again, than he began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

7. But he was much frightened when the "*rowdy*," as he foolishly called the man, was struck on the head by a brick, and badly hurt. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked across the fields to his home.

8. As he drew near the house, his sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding a beautiful gold chain, and some new books.

9. She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle, who had been away several years, had come home, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had

left his carriage at the tavern, a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father.

10. She said, that while he was coming through the village, some wicked boys threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that her mother had bound up the wound. "But what makes you look so *pale?*" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

11. The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter with him; and running into the house, he went up stairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down. Trembling from head to foot, he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

12. His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not usually so bashful. See this beautiful watch, which your uncle has brought for you."

13. What a sense of *shame* did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room. But he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

14. His uncle went up to him, and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James, will

you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he cried, "Brother, this is not your son. It is the boy who so shamefully insulted me in the street!"

15. With surprise and grief did the good father and mother learn this. His uncle was ready to forgive him, and forget the injury. But his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books, which his uncle had brought for him.

16. The rest of the children were loaded with presents. James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson, so long as he lived. It cured him entirely of his low and insolent manners.

EXERCISES.—What kind of a boy was James? How did he insult the stranger? What did Caroline tell James when he came home? What did James do? What did his father do then? When he was brought into the room, what did his uncle say? How was he punished? What effect did it have?

TO TEACHERS.—The pupil should be frequently examined upon *punctuation* and upon *emphasis*. He should be required to define a comma, semicolon, colon, period, etc., and to state after what words they occur. He should point out the words marked as emphatic; also the words that are emphatic, but which are *not* marked as such. The lessons on these subjects, on pages 11 and 134, should be frequently reviewed.

LESSON LXVIII.

doves	Al′fred	Jŭl′i-a	com′fort-ed
shawl	cud′dle	hur′ri-*ed*	con-clŭd′ed
weight	feath′ers	fa′vor-ites	ap-proach′*ed*
a-muse′	en′trance	pre-par′*ed*	re-mem′ber-*ed*

THE TWO WHITE DOVES.

1. Alfred and Mary had two doves, of which they were very fond. One was named Julia, and the other Bobby. They were great favorites with all the family.

2. One day, as Alfred and Mary were together, Alfred said to his sister, "This morning, as I was sitting on the door-step, with Julia on one hand, and Bobby on the other, I heard a carriage coming down the road.

3. "Some one in the carriage saw our doves, and asked me to come nearer. As they stopped, I climbed up, that they might see better. And there, in one corner, lay a little girl, very pale and thin.

4. "I knew it must be Ellen Morton, as soon as I saw her. She opened her eyes,

and said, 'O mother, what pretty doves. Please buy them for me.' Her mother offered me money for them, but I could not sell them, Mary, and so they drove away."

5. "No," said Mary, "we will never sell them to any body; but, Alfred, can we not *give* them to that poor, sick girl?"

6. "Why," said Alfred, "I do not know. To be sure, if I were so sick, I should like much to have two such darling birds as ours are. Let us ask mother."

7. Their mother thought best to let them decide for themselves. They concluded to go, and ask to see Ellen, and find out how sick she was, and if she really wished for the birds.

8. But as they came within sight of the house where Ellen lived, they began to feel how hard it would be to part with their doves. They felt, however, that they were doing right, and this comforted them.

9. The servant girl led them into Ellen's chamber, and then left them. Little Ellen was sitting in a large arm-chair, and resting her head on a pillow, so that she did not notice their entrance, until her mother's voice roused her.

10. As she raised her head, Mary almost started, for she had never seen so pale a face. "Ah! are these the pretty doves I saw this morning?" asked Ellen.

11. "Yes," said Mary, "and we have brought them for you. We hope they will help to amuse you a great many days, for they are very tame, and will soon learn to come when you call them." Then Mary opened the door and called "Julia! Julia!" when one of the doves instantly flew from the cage to her hand.

12. "What a pretty name it has, and how tame, too. Pray, let me have it on my hand," said Ellen, while the bright color rose to her cheeks. But the little, thin

hand, which she held out, could not bear the weight of the bird.

13. "I am not so weak every day," said she. "Perhaps I shall be better to-morrow. But I do not like to take away your birds. You will miss them sadly."

14. "O no," said Mary, "we pity you very much, because you are sick, and we are glad that we have any thing to give you." And as Mary looked at the little, sick Ellen, she thought within herself, "If I loved my doves a thousand times more than I now do, you should have them for yours, if you wished for them."

15. "Thank you, Mary, thank you," said Ellen. "You and your brother shall have as many of my playthings as you want. See! here are all sorts of books. Take all of them. You are welcome to them. I shall never read them again."

16. Alfred and Mary looked at the pretty books, and thought they would like to have some of them very much. But they did not know, that it would be proper for them to take any thing in return for the doves, and neither of them offered to take the gift.

17. As they prepared to go, Mrs. Morton took some money from her purse, and held it out to pay for the doves. "O no!" cried Alfred and Mary in a breath, "we never thought of being paid for them. Mother did not expect us to be paid," and they hurried down stairs, before Mrs. Morton had time to reply.

18. A few days after this, a basket filled with books and playthings, came to the children from Ellen. At the bottom of the basket was just such a nice, warm shawl, as Mary had long desired for her mother; and every time the little girl was able to ride out, she was sure to bring some present for Alfred and Mary.

19. But as the cold winter came on, poor Ellen grew thinner and weaker, and the two children missed her carriage.

20. They went to the house to inquire about her, and the servant told them that she was now too weak to sit up at all. "But," added she, "it would do your hearts good, to see what a comfort her white doves are to her. They are such playful little things, and will cuddle down close to her on the bed, whenever she calls them."

21. "Now, Alfred," said Mary, "we are paid a hundred times for our pretty doves, by knowing this. How glad I am that we have done any thing for poor Ellen."

22. A few days after this, as the children were sitting on the door-step, they saw some one coming toward them with something in her hand, which looked like their old bird-cage.

23. "Why," said Mary, "there is Mrs. Morton's servant bringing back our doves! What can that be for? Let us run to ask her."

24. As they approached the girl, they saw that she had been weeping. "Here are your doves," said she; "poor Ellen will never see them more. But she remembered you both, when she found she must die.

25. "She begged her mother to send home the doves, and say that she had spent many happy hours with them. She said, too, that she hoped you would think of her sometimes, when you saw them."

26. "Poor Ellen! she is better off now than any of us," said Mary, while the tears fell fast on Julia's snow-white feathers. "She has gone to God, and there is no

sickness in heaven. But oh, Alfred, what a sad day this would have been to us, if we had never tried to make her happy."

EXERCISES.—Of what were Alfred and Mary very fond? Who wished for their doves? How did the children feel about parting with them? How did they feel after they had given them away? Why did they not take pay for their doves?

What became of Ellen? What did the servant say about her? Did not their kindness to the sick girl make Alfred and Mary feel much happier than they otherwise would have felt?

LESSON LXIX.

fôrc'ed	be-neath'	throw'ing	re-pli'ed
cot'tage	moan'ing	church'-yard	re-leas'ed
Con'way	stock'ings	won'der-ing	por'rin-ger

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. CLUS'TER-ED; hung in bunches.
2. RUS'TIC; country like.
2. WOOD'LAND; as if living in the woods.
10. 'KER'CHIEF; handkerchief.

WE ARE SEVEN.

1. I MET a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? *seven* in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "*Seven* are we;
And *two* of us in Conway dwell,
And *two* are gone to sea.

5. "*Two* of us in the church-yard lie,
My *sister* and my *brother;*
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

6. "You say that *two* at Conway dwell,
And *two* are gone to sea,
Yet ye are *seven.* I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

7. Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

8. "You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only *five*."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit;
I sit and sing to them.

11. "And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

13. "So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

16. "But they are *dead;* those two are *dead!*
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are *seven.*"

EXERCISES.—How many of these brothers and sisters dwelt at Conway? How many brothers had gone to sea? How many did these four, with the little girl, make? Where were the other two? Does the soul ever die?

ARTICULATION.

		Ds,	Dst.		
Clo^{2}ds,	clo^{2}dst:	no^{2}ds,	no^{2}dst:	plo^{2}ds,	plo^{2}dst.
Scu^{2}ds,	scu^{2}dst:	bu^{2}ds,	bu^{2}dst:	ri^{2}ds,	ri^{2}dst.
She^{2}ds,	she^{2}dst:	bi^{2}ds,	bi^{2}dst:	crowds,	crowdst.

LESSON LXX.

shears	tai'lor	con-clude'	rec-ol-lect'
threads	scour'ed	shep'herd	fright'en-ed
seiz'ed	be-lieve'	work'men	pit'e-ous-ly
flee'ces	ma-chine'	re-sum'ed	in-ter-rupt'ed

STORY OF THE COAT.

A FABLE.

1. "I THINK it would be very funny to hear my coat speak," said Edward, one day, after he had been reading a fable about birds and beasts that spoke to one another. A few moments after, a voice came from the bosom of the coat, and spoke as follows:

2. "I recollect once growing on the back of a sheep." Edward could not help starting back with surprise. However, he interrupted the voice, saying, "I am afraid, Mr. Coat, you do not know what you are talking about, for coats do not grow, nor do sheep wear coats."

3. "Ah!" replied the voice, "I was only *wool* when I grew on the back of the sheep; and a very pleasant life we led together,

spending all the day in the green fields, and resting at night on the grass.

4. "We long led this quiet life, till one day the shepherd and his dog drove all the sheep into a stream of water, which ran close by.

5. "The sheep on which I grew was sadly frightened. For my part, I could not think what they were going to do with me, they rubbed and scoured me so much.

6. "But when it was over, I looked so clean and white, that I was quite vain of my beauty; and I thought we were now to return and frisk in the meadow, as we had done before. But, alas! instead of setting the sheep at liberty, the shepherd took out a large pair of shears.

7. "Only think of our fright! The poor sheep, as I believe, thought his head was going to be cut off, and began to bleat most piteously. But the shepherd held him down, and began cutting me off close to the skin.

8. "Although the shears did not hurt me, because I could not feel, yet I was much frightened. I could not bear the thought of being parted from my dear friend, the sheep;

for we had grown up together, ever since he was a lamb.

9. "After I was taken off, I was packed in a bag with a great many other fleeces, and sent to some mills, in a place called Lowell, where there were many little strange things that were forever twisting and turning round.

10. "These seized hold of us, and pulled us, and twisted us about in such a wonderful manner, that we were all drawn out into threads, so unlike wool, that I hardly knew myself again.

11. "But it was still worse, when, some time afterward, they plunged me into a large kettle of dirty-looking water. When I was taken out, instead of being white, I was of a bright blue color, and looked very beautiful.

12. "After this, I was sent to the cloth-mills, where my threads were stretched in a machine, called a loom, and I was woven into a piece of cloth. I was then folded up, and lay quiet for some time."

13. "Indeed," said Edward, "I think you needed a little rest, after going through so many changes."

14. "Some time after," resumed the voice, "I was bought by a tailor, and placed on a shelf in his shop, when, one day, you and your father came in, and asked to see some cloth to make you a coat.

15. "I was taken down and unfolded, with several other pieces, and, if you remember, you chose me on account of my beautiful color."

16. "So I did," said Edward, "but you are not so bright a blue as you were then." "Something the worse for wear," replied the coat; "if you stain me, and cover me with dust, that is *your* fault, not *mine*.

17. "But to conclude my story; the tailor took out his large shears, which reminded me of those that had cut me from the sheep, and cut me into the shape of a coat. I was then sewed up by some workmen, who sat cross-legged on a table.

18. "When I was finished, I was sent to you, and, ever since, I have had the honor of covering the back of a human being, instead of that of a sheep."

EXERCISES.—What kind of story is this? What did the coat say first? What did the shepherd do with the sheep? Where was the wool sent? What was the wool first made into?

ARTICULATION.

	Fs, Fst.	Ft, Fts.		
Cuffs,	cuffst:	puffs,	puffst:	luffs, luffst.
Stuffs,	stuffst:	snuffs,	snuffst:	huffs, huffst.
Scoffs,	scoffst:	doffs,	doffst:	sniffs, sniffst.

LESSON LXXI.

bright	rub'bish	dis'mal	fast'en-*ed*
tongue	dis-tinct'	si'lence	con-fus'*ed*
voic'es	jin'gling	his'to-ry	sur-pris'*ed*
shin'ing	ham'mers	fin'ish-*ed*	com-mand'ed

SPELL AND DEFINE.

8. Fi'er-y; very hot; full of fire.
8. Fur'nace; a place for melting what is hard.
9. Met'al; a hard substance.
12. Lathe; a machine for shaping wood, metals, &c.

STORY OF THE BUTTONS.

A FABLE.

1. Edward was much pleased with the story of the wool, and when it was quite finished, he said; "But these bright *buttons* are not made of *wool*. Can *they* not say something about themselves?"

2. Upon this, the whole row of buttons raised their sharp voices at once, which sounded like the jingling of so many little bells. This made such a confused noise, that Edward could not understand a single word.

3. He, therefore, commanded silence; and taking hold of *one* of them with his finger and thumb, asked *him* to tell their history. Pleased at being thus called upon, the face of the button shone brighter than ever, and he began in a shrill, but distinct voice, as follows:

4. "We lay for a long time under ground; not bright and shining as you now see us, but mixed with dirt and rubbish. I can not tell how long we were there, for it was always dark, and we could not tell day from night, nor count weeks and years."

5. "But could you not hear the church-clock strike?" asked Edward. "That would have told you how time passed."

6. "O no," replied the button; "if we had had ears, we could not have heard, so deep were we in the earth." "O dear!" said Edward, "how dismal!" "Not for us, who neither felt nor thought," said the button.

7. "Well, after having lain there for ages, perhaps, all at once, there was an opening made in the ground, and men came down and dug us up. They talked about some fine copper. 'I am glad we have reached it at last,' said one of them. 'It will repay us for all our labor.'

8. "They then put us into a basket, and we were taken up above ground. After that, we were put into a fiery furnace."

9. "I am sure you must have been glad, then, that you could not feel," said Edward. "But were you not burnt to ashes?" "O no;" replied the button. "Copper is a metal, and metals will not burn; but we were melted. The earth and rubbish would not melt, so we were kept apart from them.

10. "We were then left to cool, and become solid again. Men then came with hammers, and beat us till we became quite flat. Every time they struck us, we cried out as loud as we could, but they went on all the same."

11. "What!" said Edward; "had you voices to cry out with?" "No," replied the button. "But do you not know, that if you strike against metal, it rings? The

sound of the bell is nothing but the tongue, striking against the inside of the bell; and you know what a noise it makes.

12. "Well, after we had been beaten into flat sheets, we were cut into little bits, and then placed in a strange kind of thing, called a lathe.

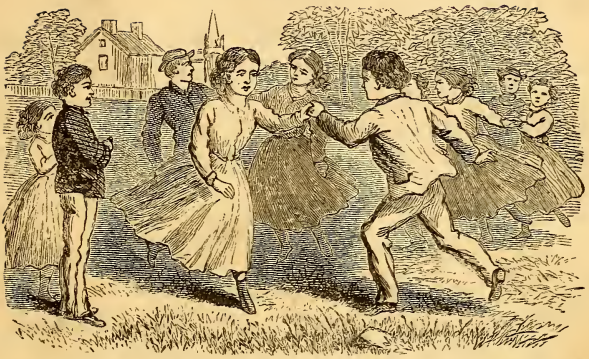
13. "The man held us there, while he turned a wheel with his foot, so fast, that it would have made one dizzy;" "that is, if you had had a head," said Edward, laughing.

14. "When I was taken out, I was quite surprised to see what a pretty, round shape I had. I wondered what was to be done with me next.

15. "But I soon found that I was to be a button, for they fastened an eye to me, and rubbed me for a long time, till I became very bright. I was then put with others on a sheet of thick, white paper."

16. "O, I remember," cried Edward; "you were all stuck on the paper, when the tailor showed you to father and me." Edward then listened to hear the button go on with his story, but it was ended, and the voice was gone.

LESSON LXXII.



frol′ic ap-pear′ cheer′ful boun′ces
vil′lage as-cends′ pleas′ure march′ing

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1 Deck′ed; gaily dressed. 5. Lac′es; fine thread-work.

THE VĪLLAGE GREEN.

1 On the cheerful village green,
Scattered round with houses neat,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

2. Now they frolic, hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a happy band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

3. Then ascends the merry ball;
   High it rises in the air,
   Or, against the cottage wall,
   Up and down, it bounces there.

4. Or the hoop, with even pace,
   Runs before the cheerful crowd:
   Joy is seen in every face,
   Joy is heard in shoutings loud.

5. For, among the rich and gay,
   Fine, and grand, and decked in laces,
   None appear more glad than they,
   With happier hearts, or happier faces.

6. Then contented with my state,
   Let me envy not the great;
   Since true pleasure may be seen,
   On a cheerful village green.

EXERCISES.—What sports are described in this lesson? Why are children so much happier than most older persons? Upon what does happiness depend?

ARTICULATION.

		Ft,	Fts.		
Drift,	drifts:	sift,	sifts:	gift,	gifts.
Lift,	lifts:	toft,	tofts:	loft,	lofts.
Croft,	crofts:	tuft,	tufts:	theft,	thefts.

LESSON LXXIII.

source	re-store′	Jean′not	Ju′li-an
grieve	patch′*ed*	sick′ness	pov′er-ty
own′er	grate′ful	shed′ding	grat′i-tude
caus′*ed*	pleas′ure	di′a-monds	pre-sent′ed

GRATEFUL JULIAN.

1. THERE was once a very poor man, who had one child, six years old, whose name was Julian. They were so *poor*, that Julian had nothing but old rags, patched together, to cover him.

2. He had to be content with some straw, in a corner of the room, for a bed. A bit of dry bread, with some water, was all his food and drink. The little boy was the owner of but *one* thing in the world, and that was a *rabbit*.

3. Although he was so poor, Julian was contented; for his little rabbit was to him all he wanted. Its hair was as white as snow, and as soft as silk. Its pink eyes were as bright as diamonds, and it was so tame, and so fond of its young master!

4. When his father gave him a bit of bread, Julian would go behind the hut, and sit down upon the grass, and then he had but to call, "Jeannot, Jeannot," and instantly his rabbit would run to him, leap upon his arm, and take from him the bits of bread, one by one, in its mouth.

5. Although Julian had often to suffer from hunger and cold, he still kept a good heart, because his rabbit was to him every day a source of new pleasure.

6. But at last poor Julian fell *sick*. His father, for want of money, could not take that care of him which his sickness needed. So the poor little fellow lay on the damp floor, in great pain, without any one to cure him.

7. His Jeannot soon came to find him, and took a place near him on the straw. The little creature looked at him so sadly, that it seemed as if it would say "Ah! my poor master, how I *pity* you!" And Julian turned toward his rabbit with looks so sad, that he seemed to reply, "Ah! my little rabbit, I shall soon have to *leave* you."

8. There lived not far from the hut, a rich and good man, who heard of Julian's

sickness and of his father's poverty. He resolved to visit their hut, to learn if what he had heard was *true*, and to see what aid he could render.

9. When this good man entered the hut, and saw poor Julian, sick and pale upon his bed of straw, he could hardly avoid shedding tears.

10. Without any delay, this kind friend caused Julian to be carried to his house, where a proper bed was made ready for him, and every care was taken to restore him to health. At the end of two weeks, he was able to return to his father's hut.

11. During that time, the rich man had also given some aid to his father, and had presented Julian with a new suit of clothes. The father and son found themselves very happy, and the little rabbit leaped up for joy at once more seeing its master.

12. The father now said to his son: "You see, my dear boy, how happy this gentleman has made us. What shall we do to show our *gratitude*?"

13. Julian thought for a moment, and then remembered his *rabbit*. He was very

fond of it, and he knew that it would grieve him sorely to part with it. But Julian felt truly grateful, and wished to show that he was so; therefore, he cried, "I will go and carry my dear little Jeannot to him."

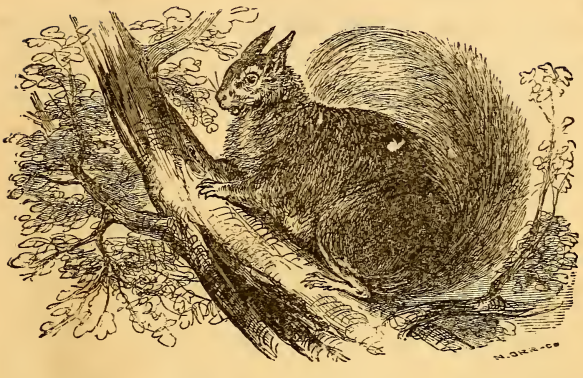
14. Julian took his rabbit, and with a good deal of joy went to present it to his kind friend. The good man was much pleased, and said, "It is well, my dear boy. We ought to be grateful to those who do us a kindness. But I do not wish to take from you your rabbit. Besides, I will do more for you than I have done."

15. The rich man sent Julian to school. He grew up a bright and an honest lad. Every thing went well with him; and when other parents wished to teach their children to be grateful, they used to tell them the story of *Julian* and his *rabbit.*

EXERCISES.—What was the condition of Julian's father? What was Julian's only wealth? What misfortune happened to Julian? Who took care of him? How did Julian show his gratitude? What became of Julian?

NOTE.—Teachers will observe, that in the Exercises on Articulation some words are spelled *arbitrarily*, for the purpose of a better adaptation to practice, as *famd*, *blamd*, page 20; *gard*, page 57; *dworf*, page 63; *thred*, page 151; &c.

LESSON LXXIV.



cracks	frisks	squir′rel	weath′er
broods	jui′cy	top′most	wag′gish
boughs	pet′tish	creat′ure	mer′ri-ly

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. Cone; the fruit of the pine. { 2. Vault′ing; leaping high.
1. Stock′-dove; a kind of bird. { 4. Core; the heart of any thing.

THE SQUIRREL.

1. The pretty gray squirrel lives up in a tree,
   A sweet merry creature as ever can be;
   He dwells in the boughs where the stock-dove broods,

Far in the shade of the green summer
woods;
His food is the young, juicy cone of the
pine,
And the milky beech-nut is his food and
his wine.

2. In the joy of his nature he frisks with a
bound,
To the topmost twigs, and then down to
the ground;
And then up again like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting
spring.

3. Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish
and queer,
As if he would say, "Ah! follow me
here;"
And then he grows pettish and stamps
his foot;
And then most merrily cracks his nut.

4. But small as he is, he knows he may
want,
In the bleak winter weather, when food
is scant;
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,

And there makes his nest, and lays up his store.

EXERCISES.—Where does the squirrel live? Where does he frisk and play? Upon what does he feed? Where does he lay up his store?

ARTICULATION.

Gs, Gd.

Lags,	laggd:	wags,	waggd:	drags,	draggd.
Brags,	braggd:	begs,	beggd:	pegs,	peggd.
Digs,	diggd:	riggs,	riggd:	lugs,	luggd.

LESSON LXXV.

chance	jus'tice	thriv'ing	i'dle-ness
loos'en	au'tumn	blos'soms	com'pa-ny
in'sects	im-prove'	nurs'er-y	in'do-lence
ad-vice'	moist'ure	re-ceiv'ed	ac-cord'ing
Thom'as	prop'ping	dil'i-gence	dif'fer-ent-ly

INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

1. In a country village lived a wealthy farmer, who had two sons, William and Thomas. William was about a year older than his brother.

2. On the day that Thomas was born, the farmer placed in his orchard two young apple-trees of equal size, of which he took the same care. They grew so much *alike*, that it was not an easy matter, to say *which* was the more thriving of the two.

3. As soon as the children were old enough to use garden tools, their father took them to see the trees he had planted for them, and called after their names.

4. After William and Thomas had much admired the beauty of the trees, which were filled with blossoms, their father told them he would make them a present of them, and that they would grow or decay, according to the care they received.

5. Thomas, though the younger son, took great care to improve his tree, by clearing it of insects as soon as he found them there, and by propping up the stems, that it might grow straight.

6. He dug all round it to loosen the earth, that the root might receive the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews and the rains.

7. William, however, acted very *differently*. He wasted all his time in idleness,

or *fun*, as he called it. He kept company with all the idle boys in the village, with whom he was often fighting, and was seldom without a black eye, or a broken head.

8. His poor tree was never *thought* of, till one day in autumn, when, by chance, seeing his brother's tree loaded with the finest apples, he ran to his *own* tree, thinking that he should find it in the same state.

9. But he saw that his tree, instead of being full of fruit, had nothing upon it but a few dry leaves, and branches covered with moss.

10. He ran at once to his father, and complained that he had given him a *worthless* and *barren* tree, while his brother's bore the most *beautiful* fruit. He therefore thought that his brother should, at least, divide his apples with him.

11. His father told him, that it was not *right* that the *diligent* should give up the fruit of their labor to feed the *idle*. "If your tree," said he, "has nothing on it, it is because you were *idle*, and you see what your brother has obtained by *industry*.

12. "*Your* tree was as full of blossoms as *his*, and grew in the same soil. But you

took no care of yours. Your brother did not allow the insects to remain upon his tree. But you paid no regard to this, and they have eaten up the very buds.

13. "As I do not want to see even *plants* perish through neglect, I must take the tree from you and give it to your brother, who by his care and diligence may perhaps restore it.

14. "He shall have all the fruit it may bear, and you must hereafter have no right to it. But you may go to my nursery, and there choose a tree, and try what you can do with it. But if you neglect it, I shall take *that* away *also*, and give it to your brother, as a reward for his care."

15. William saw the justice of this, and resolved to change his conduct. He therefore took an apple-tree from the nursery, and made the best use of his time, and the advice and aid he received from his brother, in the care of it.

16. He left off his bad habits, gave up the company of idle boys, applied himself to work, and in autumn received the reward of his labor, his tree being then loaded with fruit.

17. More than this: his father was so well pleased with his conduct, that he gave the two brothers the fruit of a small orchard, which they shared equally between them.

EXERCISES.—What present did their father make William and Thomas? How did Thomas attend to his tree? What was William's conduct? What was Thomas's reward? What was William's reward? What did William's father say and do? What effect did this have upon William?

LESSON LXXVI.

flea	fast'en	min'ute	shoe'-strings
knot	pen'cil	both'ers	scat'ter-ed
at'las	ex-cuse'	dress'ing	troub'le-some

SPELL AND DEFINE.

5. SACH'EL; a small bag. | 8. PRO-TEST'; to declare earnestly.

TOO LATE FOR SCHOOL.

1. O, WHERE is my hat? It is taken away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot;
I can't find a *thing* where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

2. My slate and my pencil can nowhere be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are scattered around,
And hop about just like a flea.

3. Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas up stairs,
   My reader is somewhere there, too;
   And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
   And mother, please fasten my shoe.

4. And sister, ask father to write an excuse,
   But *stop*, he will only say "No;"
   And go on, with a smile, and keep reading the news,
   While every thing *bothers* me so.

5. My sachel is heavy and ready to fall,
   This old popgun is breaking my map;
   I 'll have nothing to do with the popgun or ball,
   There 's no playing for such a poor chap.

6. The town-clock will strike in a minute I fear,
   Then away to the foot I must sink:
   There! look at my books, all tumbled down here,
   And some of them covered with ink.

7. I wish I 'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
   Though the toast and the butter were fine;
   I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
   To be off when I have not done mine.

8. Now Edward and Harry protest they won't wait,
   And beat on the door with their sticks;
   I suppose they will say I was *dressing* too late:
   To-morrow, *I 'll be up at six.*

EXERCISES.—What did the boy complain of? What was the cause of the difficulty? How could he be sure to find what he wanted? Why would not his father give him an excuse? What did he resolve?

ARTICULATION.

Ks, (x), Kst, (xt).

[*Ck* has merely the sound of *K*.]

2 Lacks,	2 lackst:	2 packs,	2 packst:	2 clacks,	2 clackst.
2 Cracks,	2 crackst:	2 tracks,	2 trackst:	2 stacks,	2 stackst.
2 Tax,	2 taxt:	2 wax,	2 waxt:	2 box,	2 boxt.

LESSON LXXVII.

meant	se'cret	yield'ed	fam'i-ly
la'bor	prof'its	re-quest'	in'dus-try
ex-act'	look'ing	treas'ure	gath'er-*ed*

INDUSTRY A TREASURE.

1. A WEALTHY old farmer, seeing that he must soon die, called together his sons to his bedside.

2. "My dear children," said he, "I leave it you as my last request, not to part with the farm, which has been so long in our family.

3. "To make known to you a *secret* which I had from my father, there is a *treasure* hid somewhere in the ground, though I could never find the *exact spot.*

4. "However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search. I am *sure* that you will not lose your labor."

5. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the harvest gathered in, than his sons began to look for the treasure.

6. With great care, they turned up, again and again, nearly every foot of ground on the farm; but, though they did not find what they were looking for, their farm yielded a much larger crop than ever.

7. At the end of the year, when the sons were counting their great profits, one of them, *wiser* than the *others*, said, "I do believe, that *this* was the treasure my father *meant*.

8. "I am sure, at least, that we have found out this, that *industry* is itself a *treasure*."

EXERCISES.—What did the old man say to his sons? What did they do? What was the consequence? To what conclusion did they come?

ARTICULATION.

Lm, Ls, Lst.

^{2}elm,	h^{2}elm:	^{2}ells,	c^{2}ells:	^{2}ellst,	s^{2}ellst.
^{2}ilm,	f^{2}ilm:	^{2}ills,	r^{2}ills:	^{2}illst,	k^{2}illst.
^{2}ulm,	c^{2}ulm:	^{2}ulls,	m^{2}ulls:	^{2}ullst,	h^{2}ullst.

LESSON LXXVIII.

likes	buzz′ing	home′ly	del′i-cate
wasp	mis′chief	be-ware′	per′fect-ly
cous′in	hand′some	el′e-gant	ill′nat-ur-ed

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.

1. A WASP met a BEE that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why,
You are loved so much better by people than I?

2. "My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

3. "Ah! friend," said the BEE, "it is all very true,
And were I but half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love *me* no better than *you.*

4. "You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing;
You are perfectly handsome, but then there 's one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your *sting.*

5. "My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I 'm a useful and innocent BEE."

MORAL.

6. From this little lesson, let children beware,
For if, like the wasp, they ill-natured are,
They will never be loved, though they 're ever so fair.

EXERCISES.—What did the Wasp say to the Bee? What did the Bee reply? What is the moral of this fable?

ARTICULATION.

		Nd,	Nds.		
Land,	lands:	gland,	glands:	brand,	brands.
Trend,	trends:	spend,	spends:	blend,	blends.
Find,	finds:	mind,	minds:	grind,	grinds.

LESSON LXXI

jui'cy	crack'*ed*	nat'u-ral	ob-serv'*ed*
doz'en	peach'es	re-joic'*ed*	won'der-*ed*
pro-vide'	pru'dence	ex-pect'ed	em-brac'*ed*

SPELL AND DEFINE.

1. DOWN; a fine, soft kind of hair.
7. MI'SER; one who loves money too much.

THE PEACHES.

1. A GENTLEMAN, on his return from the city, carried home with him five peaches;

the most beautiful ones that could be found. His children had never seen any before; and, therefore, they wondered and rejoiced very much over the beautiful fruit, with rosy cheeks, covered all over with soft, delicate down.

2. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to their mother. In the evening, as the children were about to retire to sleep, the father said, "Well, boys, how did you like the peaches?"

3. "O, delightful!" said the oldest; "so sweet, so juicy and pleasant! I ate *mine;* and have taken good care to keep the stone, and I intend to raise a tree of my *own.*" "Well done," replied the father. "This looks well; and, my son, always remember

this: Provide for the *future* by taking care of the *present.*"

4. "I ate mine," said the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and then mother gave me half of hers. O, how sweet! how juicy! it almost melted in my mouth."

5. "Indeed, my boy," observed the father, "I can not say much for your prudence, but you acted in a natural and child-like manner, as might have been expected. There is still room enough in your life to learn wisdom."

6. "I picked up the stone," said the second son, "that my little brother threw away, and cracked it, and in it was a kernel, so sweet! so rich! like a nut. But I sold my peach, and see, I have money enough to buy a dozen, when I go to the city."

7. Here the old man shook his head, but, at the same time, patting the cheek of his boy, said, "Your conduct was hardly to have been expected from one of your years. It was prudent, but it was by no means a natural act for a child. I pray God, that you may not become a *miser.*"

8. "Well, Charles," said the father, "what did you do with *your* peach?" "I carried

it," said he, frankly, "to poor George, the son of our neighbor who is sick with a fever. He refused to take it, but I laid it on his bed and came away."

9. "Now," said the father, "who has made the *best* use of his peach?" "Brother Charles," said all the three boys together. Charles was silent; but his mother embraced him with a tear in her eye.

EXERCISES.—What did the oldest boy do with his peach? What did the youngest do? What did the second do? What did Charles do? Which made the best use of his peach? Why?

LESSON LXXX.

eight	er'rands	catch'ing	o-bli'ging
caught	weath'er	nine'-pins	con-tent'ed
tur'nips	mar'bles	Ec-lec'tic	Tes'ta-ment

THE CONTENTED BOY.

MR. LENOX was one morning riding by himself. He got off from his horse to look at something on the road-side. The horse broke away from him, and ran off. Mr. Lenox ran after him, but soon found that he could not catch him.

A little *boy*, at work in a field near the road, heard the horse. As soon as he saw him running from his master, the boy ran very quickly to the middle of the road, and catching the horse by the bridle, *stopped* him, till Mr. Lenox came up.

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very *nicely*. What shall I *give* you for your trouble.

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. Do you want *nothing*? So much the *better* for you. Few *men* can say as much. But what were you *doing* in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.

Mr. L. Do you *like* to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather *play*?

B. This is not *hard* work. It is almost as good as *play*.

Mr. L. Who *set* you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How *old* are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not *hungry*?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to *dinner* soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you *do* with it?

B. I do not know, sir. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as nine-pins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at foot-ball in winter, and I have a jumping-rope. I *had* a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I *have.* I have to drive the cows, and to run of errands, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as *play.*

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes, if you had money, you know.

B. I can have apples at home. As for *cake*, I do not want that. My mother makes me a *pie* now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a *knife* to cut sticks?

B. I *have* one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a *better* pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in *water*.

B. I do not mind *that*, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a *better* one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it *rains?*

B. If it rains very *hard* when I am in the field, I get under a *tree* for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do, if you are *hungry* before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there *are* none?

B. Then I do as well as I can without. I work on, and never *think* of it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so *contented*. Were you ever at *school?*

B. No, sir. But father means to send me next winter.

Mr. L. You will want *books* then.

B. Yes, sir, each boy has an Eclectic Spelling-book and Reader, and a Testament.

Mr. L. Then I will *give* them to you.

Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I *will*, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

EXERCISES.—What service did this little boy perform for the gentleman? Would he take any pay for it? What do you suppose made him so contented with his condition? Why should we always be contented with such things as we have?

ARTICULATION.

Ns, Nst.

Plans,	planst:	spans,	spanst:	pens,	penst.
Skins,	skinst:	spins,	spinst:	screens,	screenst.

LESSON LXXXI.

plight	bea′ver	fu′ri-ous	en-gäg′*e*d
hăs′ty	drip′ping	vin′e-gar	man′ful-ly
sau′cy	whis′tling	en-răg′*e*d	care′less-ly

THE LITTLE LORD AND THE FARMER.

1. A LITTLE lord engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

2. By chance, there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched, his hat was old,
But his manly heart was very bold.

3. "You little chap, pick up my ball!"
His saucy lordship loud did call;
He thought it useless to be polite,
To one, whose clothes were in such a plight

4. "Do it yourself, for want of me,"
The boy replied quite manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his favorite song.

5. His little lordship furious grew,
For he was proud and hasty, too:
"I'll break your bones," he rudely cries,
While fire flashed from both his eyes.

6. Now heedless quite which way he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And, as he fell, he lost his bat,
And next, he dropped his beaver hat.

7. "Come, help me out," enraged he cried;
But the sturdy farmer thus replied:
"Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I'll help you all I can.

8. "There are few things I would not dare
For gentlemen who speak me *fair;*
But for *rude words*, I do not choose,
To wet my feet, and soil my shoes."

9. "Please help me out," his lordship said;
"I 'm sorry I was so ill-bred."
"'T is all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

10. The offered hand his lordship took,
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

11. The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his dripping hat;
And mildly said, as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you 've learned to-day.

12. "Be *kind* to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise;
Vinegar never catches flies."

1. Be not proud. Respect those who are older, and know more than yourself.

2. Never join in any mischief. Be always willing to oblige others.

3. Be not ready to take offense. Never laugh at your playmates much less at strangers.

Exercises.—What was the matter with the little lord? What did he want of the farmer's boy? Why would he not help him at first? What did the little lord then say? What did the boy do? What advice did he give the little lord?

LESSON LXXXII.

af-fair′	Quăk′er	no′tions	Thurs′day
suf′fer	war′rant	fash′ion	res′o-lute
se-vere′	clŏth′ing	Char′lotte	wom′an-ish

DRESS.

Charlotte. Have you seen Jane lately?

Nancy. Not since last spring, I believe.

Charlotte. You did not go to the *fair*, then.

Nancy. No. Mary was ill that day, and mother could not very well *spare* me. But what were you going to say about Jane?

Charlotte. Why, that the girl has some strange notions of late.

Nancy. Well, but what has she *done?*

Charlotte. Why, she won't have a new dress, or even a new bonnet, this spring, she says; although her father, when he went to New York, offered to get her *any thing* she *wanted.*

Nancy. Won't have things? What does she *mean*, pray?

Charlotte. She has taken it into her head to dress plainly, and give what she can thus save for clothing for poor children.

And she seems to be resolute in her plan, for she was at the fair, last Thursday, in her old dress and old bonnet.

Nancy. The foolish Jane! The poor children might go *without* clothes, before I 'd do that, I 'll warrant. Turn Quaker, hey? Yes, a beautiful miss, of ten years old, go clad like an old Quaker of sixty! That 's a pretty affair, Charlotte.

Charlotte. But there must be something pleasant, after all, Nancy, in helping to clothe poor children. Besides, Jane's dress is *good* enough.

Nancy. Good enough! who don't know that? But how I should feel to see all the girls in their *new* dresses, and myself in my *old* one; and that, too, when every body knows that father is as able to buy new things for *his* children, as other people are for *theirs.*

Charlotte. And how do the *poor children* feel, do you think, when the weather is very severe, and they have little or no clothing?

Nancy. Rich people may attend to that.

Charlotte. But *will* they, Nancy? Do not we see the poor suffer every day, with rich

people all around them? Mrs. Brown's children, think of them.

Nancy. O, I know they suffer! But shall I deny myself, and be out of the fashion, and old womanish, to help them?

Charlotte. Ask yourself what you would wish *them* to do, were *they* in *your* place, and *you* in *theirs.* *That* will settle it.

EXERCISES.—Which of the girls was right, and why? Repeat the *Golden Rule.* How should we act toward others? Why?

LESSON LXXXIII.

stalk	ce'dar	mul'len	cap'tain
scarce	ex-cept'	west'ern	mus'kets
stur'dy	ban'ners	stream'*ed*	shoul'der-*ed*

SPELL AND DEFINE.

4. BAY'O-NET; a sharp piece of iron at the end of a gun.
6. SCOUT'ED; made fun of.
6. VAN; the front. [show power.
7. COM-MIS'SION; a writing to
8. COCK'ER-EL; a young chicken-cock.
10. MIM'IC; pretending.
10. FRAY; fight; battle.
10. DELL; a valley; a hollow.

YOUNG SOLDIERS

1. O, WERE you ne'er a school-boy,
And did you never train,

And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?

2. Did you never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettle-drum,
Played your march, march away?

3. It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since all our school their muskets took,
To charge the fearful foe.

4. Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrod bright and new;
With bayonet forever set,
And painted barrel, too.

5. We charged upon a flock of geese,
   And put them all to flight;
   Except one sturdy gander
   That thought to show us fight.

6. But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
   Our captain wheeled the van;
   We routed him, we scouted him,
   Nor lost a single man!

7. Our captain was as brave a lad
   As e'er commission bore;
   And brightly shone his new tin sword;
   A paper cap he wore.

8. He led us up the steep hill-side,
   Against the western wind,
   While the cockerel plume that decked his head,
   Streamed bravely out behind.

9. We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
   We charged the bayonet;
   And woe unto the mullen stalk
   That in our course we met.

10. At two o'clock the roll we called,
    And till the close of day,
    With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,
    We fought the mimic fray,

Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

ARTICULATION.

Rd, Rds.

In this Exercise, sound the *r* distinctly.

Bard,	bards:	card,	cards:	shard,	shards.
Board,	boards:	hord,	hords:	gourd,	gourds.
Herd,	herds:	gird,	girds:	third,	thirds.

LESSON LXXXIV.

lies	vis'it	hatch'et	he-ro'ic
edge	fa'vor	de-stroy'	Gen'er-al
trait	ly'ing	En'glish	com'pa-ny
li'ar	love'ly	chop'ping	Wash'ing-ton
warmth	ap-pear'	ex-am'ple	thought'less-ly

GEORGE AND THE HATCHET.

1. NEVER, perhaps, did a parent take more pains, than did the father of General Washington, to fix in the mind of his son George an early love of *truth*.

2. "Truth, George," said he, "is the most lovely trait of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the boy whose heart is so *honest*, and whose lips so *pure*, that we may depend on *every word* he *says*.

3. "How lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of all! Parents will praise him before their children, and wish them to follow his example. They will often invite him to visit them, and when he comes, will receive him with *joy*, and treat him with the greatest favor.

4. "But, O George, how far from this is the case with the boy who is given to *lying!* Good people avoid him, wherever he goes; and parents *dread* to see him in company with their children.

5. "O George, rather than see you come to this, dear as you are to me, *gladly* would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave.

6. "Hard, indeed, it would be to me to give up my son, whose feet are always so ready to run about with me, and whose smiling face and sweet prattle make me so happy. But still I would give him up, rather than see him a common liar."

7. "Father," said George, with tears in his eyes, "do I ever tell lies?"

8. "No, George. I thank God you do *not*, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you *never will*. Whenever you do any thing wrong, which may often be the case, as you are but a little boy yet, you must never say what is not true, to conceal it, but come bravely up, my son, like a little *man*, and *tell* me of it."

9. When George was about six years old, he was made the owner of a little hatchet, with which he was much pleased, and went about chopping every thing that came in his way.

10. One day, when in the garden, he thoughtlessly tried the edge of his hatchet on a fine young English cherry-tree, which he cut so badly as to destroy it.

11. The next morning, the old gentleman, finding out what had happened to his favorite tree, came into the house, and with much warmth, asked who had done the mischief. Nobody could tell him any thing about it. At this moment, George came in with his hatchet.

12. "George," said his father, "do you

know who killed that fine cherry-tree yonder, in the garden?"

13. This was a *hard question.* George was silent for a moment. Then, looking at his father, his young face bright with the love of truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a *lie*, father. You *know* I can't tell a *lie*. *I* cut it with my hatchet."

14. "*Come* to my *arms*, my dearest boy!" cried his father; "*come* to my *arms!* you killed my cherry-tree, George, but you have now paid me for it a thousand-fold. *Such* proof of heroic truth in my son, is of more value than a *thousand* trees, though they were all of the purest *gold.*"

EXERCISES.—What is this story about? Who was George Washington? What did his father teach him? Relate the story of George and the hatchet. What should we always do when we have done wrong? How did George's father feel toward him, when he had confessed his fault? What did he say to him?

ARTICULATION.

		Nt,	Nts.		
Cent,	cents:	tent,	tents:	vent,	vents.
Flint,	flints:	splint,	splints:	dint,	dints.
Tint,	tints:	hint,	hints:	mint,	mints.

LESSON LXXXV.

SPELL AND DEFINE

4. Is'LAND; (pronounced *i-land*) land with water all around it.
6. BIL'BER-RY; the name of a plant and its fruit.
7. BROOD'ING; sitting on eggs.
11. FLEDG'ED; having wings.
13. CAP-TIV'I-TY; the state of being a prisoner.

THE ISLAND BIRD.

1. "I WISH I were a bird!" cried a boy impatiently, as he tossed upon his bed. "I wish I were the bird that sings so sweetly, instead of lying here sick, through all my summer holidays. Listen to him, sister."

2. "Hush!" said his sister, gently; "you forget. That bird is not singing in the woods and fields. You do not know his story, or you would take back your hasty wish, my little brother."

3. "What do you mean by knowing his story?" asked the boy, turning to his sister. She looked up from her work, with a grave, but kind smile.

4. "That bird," said she, "once had his home in a green island, which lay in the bosom of a mountain lake.

5. "The island was a most peaceful and pleasant spot in the spring, when the trees

stretched their fresh branches in the balmy air of the morning, or bent low, at night, over the flowers that slept beneath.

6. "The shy rabbit made a path under the bright, green leaves of the bilberry, or the bowers of wild roses, which made the air fragrant with their breath.

7. "The little birds in the shelter of the island trees, sang out their joy to the brooding mother-birds in their quiet nests.

8. "This bird built his nest, year by year, close by a bed of lilies. There he sang to his mate, and there they raised their brood, without fear or danger.

9. "Sometimes, the fisherman dipped his oars in the water, very near to the hidden nest, but passed by, intent upon his task.

10. "Sometimes, an old man walked there with a little girl, holding her in his arms most tenderly, and showing her the leaves and the blossoms.

11. "A whole bright summer passed away. The bird still sang gayly from the tops of the trees, with the full-fledged young ones around him. And even when cold winter came, they lived, warmly sheltered and plentifully fed, in the quiet island.

12. "But, in an evil hour, there came a man, who listened to the singing of the birds with a selfish ear. He laid nets in the night-time, and caught this happy bird, and carried him, in a small, dark cage, miles and miles away from the beautiful island.

13. "The bird's song pleased the man's ear. In the hardness of his heart, he put out the poor singer's eyes, that so, in darkness and captivity, he might sing, with a louder and sweeter voice, the whole year round. A long, long, dreary year!

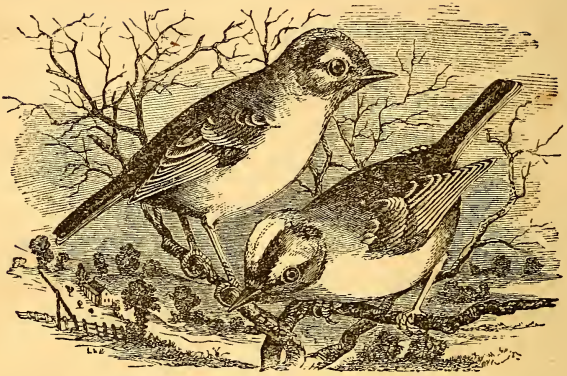
14. "The children listen to his song. When the notes rise clearest, and when they die away most touchingly, they say he is singing about his green island.

15. "True, he sings about his whole, free, happy life on the sweet island. He tells what he has lost, and what man has gained thereby; one, little, selfish pleasure more."

16. And the bird's song rose loud and clear, mingling with the low, earnest tones of the girl's voice.

17. The boy laid his head upon his sister's knee, and drawing her hand over his eyes, said softly, "When I am impatient, I will think of the blind ISLAND BIRD."

LESSON LXXXVI.



bus'y	hob'ble	win'dow	war'bled
fig'ure	cloth'ed	e-nough'	cov'er-ed
par'lor	laugh'ed	grate'ful	mer'ri-ly
ex-press'	re-main'	stock'ings	oc-ca'sion

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

1. The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

2. He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
"O sister, look out of the window!" said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

3. "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
   And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet:
   I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
   He 's all the time singing his chick-a-dé-dee.

4. "If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know,
   I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
   I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!
   And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-dee.

5. "O mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
   And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose:
   I wish he 'd come into the parlor, and see
   How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee!"

6. The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread,
   And heard every word little Emily said:
   "What a figure I 'd make in that dress," thought he,
   And laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee.

7. "I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you express,
   But have no occasion for such a fine dress;
   I rather remain with my little limbs free,
   Than to hobble about singing chick-a-de-dee.

8. "There is One, my dear child, though I can not tell who,
   Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.
   Good morning! O, who are so happy as we?"
   And away he flew, singing his chick-a-de-dee.

ARTICULATION.

Combinations like the following, are admirably adapted for exercising the organs of articulation. They should be *repeatedly* and *thoroughly* practiced.

Thl.

Thlăb,	thlĕb,	thlĭb,	thlŏb,	thlŭb,	thloib,	thloub.
Thlăd,	thlĕd,	thlĭd,	thlŏd,	thlŭd,	thloid,	thloud.
Thlăf,	thlĕf,	thlĭf,	thlŏf,	thlŭf,	thloif,	thlouf.
Thlăg,	thlĕg,	thlĭg,	thlŏg,	thlŭg,	thloig,	thloug.
Thlăl,	thlĕl,	thlĭl,	thlŏl,	thlŭl,	thloil,	thloul.
Thlăm,	thlĕm,	thlĭm,	thlŏm,	thlŭm,	thloim,	thloum.

Thr.

Thrăb,	thrĕb,	thrĭb,	thrŏb,	thrŭb,	throib,	throub.
Thrăd,	thrĕd,	thrĭd,	thrŏd,	thrŭd,	throid,	throud.
Thrăf,	thrĕf,	thrĭf,	thrŏf,	thrŭf,	throif,	throuf.
Thrăg,	thrĕg,	thrĭg,	thrŏg,	thrŭg,	throig,	throug.
Thrăl,	thrĕl,	thrĭl,	thrŏl,	thrŭl,	throil,	throul.
Thrăm,	thrĕm,	thrĭm,	thrŏm,	thrŭm,	throim,	throum.

Thw.

Thwăb,	thwĕb,	thwĭb,	thwŏb,	thwŭb,	thwoib.
Thwăd,	thwĕd,	thwĭd,	thwŏd,	thwŭd,	thwoid.
Thwăl,	thwĕl,	thwĭl,	thwŏl,	thwŭl,	thwoil.
Thwăm,	thwĕm,	thwĭm,	thwŏm,	thwŭm,	thwoim.
Thwăx,	thwĕx,	thwĭx,	thwŏx,	thwŭx,	thwoix.

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